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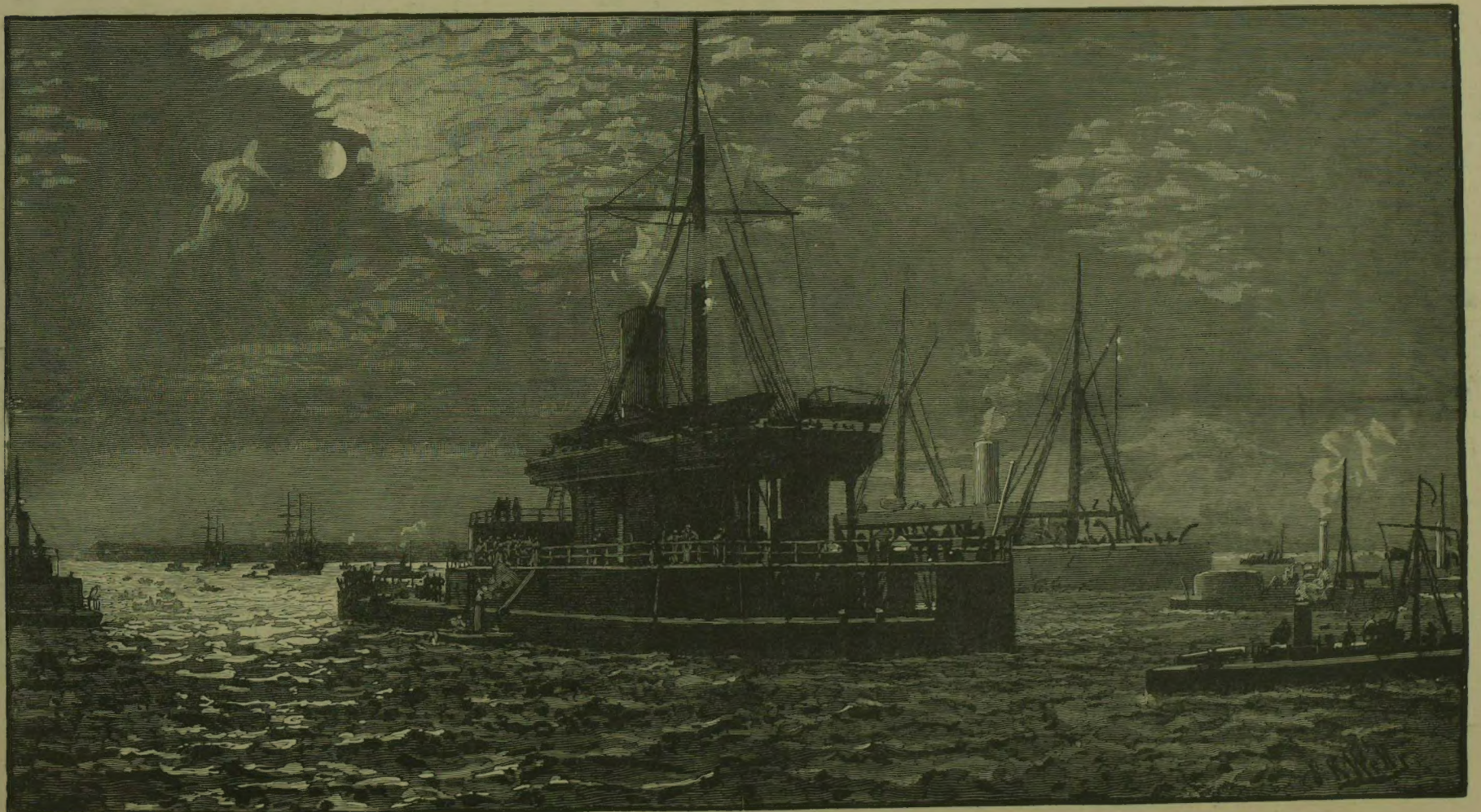
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THE RUBY MINES, BURMAH: THE BAZAAR AT MOGOK; SHAN AND MEINLHA MINERS.



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: THE GUN-BOAT FLOTILLA IN THE DOWNS.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The official programme of the Admiralty for the series of naval manœuvres to be performed this week and next week, on different parts of the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, by the several squadrons of iron-clad ships, and the flotillas of gun-boats and torpedo-boats which have left the anchorage at Spithead after the Queen's Jubilee Naval Review, was published in our last. The flotilla of gun-boats (irreverently nicknamed "flat-irons") and of torpedo-boats, under the command of Captain Long, which was appointed to enact the defence of the Straits of Dover, and of the approach to the Thames against a supposed attack of some enemy from the shores of the Continent, lay in the Downs in the latter days of last week. We give an illustration of its appearance, which has been regarded with much curiosity by the people of Dover, Deal, Sandwich, and Ramsgate. The most prominent vessel is H.M.S. Glatton, an illustration of which has already been separately published. Among the gun-boats of this flotilla are the Medina, the Medway, the Blazer, the Bonetta, the Hyena, and the Cuckoo, with which are the torpedo-boats No. 31, No. 32, No. 61, No. 62, and No. 79. The gun-boats lay at Dover, while the torpedo-boats were moored at night in the Downs. The coast was regularly patrolled by the former, and three torpedo-boats lay in the Straits, within signalling distance of each other towards the French coast as if guarding the passage against an expected enemy coming up the Channel. This enemy was to be represented by the squadron of ironclads commanded by Admiral Sir W. Hewett, whose arrival was expected to take place on Wednesday or Thursday last, when there would be the exciting performance of a naval engagement. In the meantime, greater activity has been shown by the squadron of Admiral Fremantle, consisting of H.M.S. Agincourt, Black Prince, Iron Duke, two turret-ships and two gun-boats, which proceeded westward. It arrived on Tuesday morning at Falmouth, where it met with no resistance, and remained till the afternoon, sending to the Admiralty a message that it had (by manifest possibility) captured the port and town, destroyed the forts, and burnt the coal stores, with eighteen large merchant-vessels and numerous small craft. We do not yet know what had become of the flotilla and the torpedo-boats relied on for the defence of Falmouth. In St. George's Channel, the flotilla stationed at Holyhead, to protect the approach to Liverpool, had a conflict on Tuesday night with a large armed cruiser, disguised as one of the Atlantic steam-ships.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution, held on Thursday, the 4th inst., at its house, John-street, Adelphi, rewards were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month, and to the crews of shore-boats and others for saving life from shipwrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £2959 were ordered to be made on the 291 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were five donations of £100 each towards the endowment of the Queensbury life-boat at Scarborough; £200 from the "Sunlight" Competition (additional); £100 from the Ancient Order of Foresters, annual subscription in aid of the support of their two life-boats; £25 from the Worshipful Company of Clothworkers; and £10 10s. from the Worshipful Company of Skinners. New life-boats were sent during the past month to Bembridge, Scarborough, and Burry Port. The Bembridge life-boat, which is named The Queen Victoria, was launched at its station on Monday, July 25, the ceremony of naming the boat being performed in the presence of a large concourse of people by the Duchess of Edinburgh, who was accompanied by Prince Henry of Battenberg and Prince Alfred of Edinburgh.

During the current year the institution has been instrumental by its life-boats and by other means, for which it has granted rewards, in saving 346 lives, in addition to rescuing six vessels from destruction.

Under the presidency of Dr. Roberts, the annual meeting of the North Wales Medical Association has been held this week at Bangor.

At a special meeting of the Dublin Corporation on Tuesday the Lord Mayor presented General P. A. Collins, United States Senator, and Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., with the freedom of the city.

The fifty-fifth annual meeting of the British Medical Association has been held in Dublin this week. The meeting was opened on Tuesday morning by a service at St. Patrick's Cathedral, and a service was also held at the pro-cathedral. A large number of scientific papers were read by eminent members of the medical profession, and reports presented by the various committees of the association.

The annual meeting of the Cobden Club took place at the National Liberal Club last Saturday—Mr. T. B. Potter, M.P., presiding. Among the speakers was Sir Thomas Farrer, who maintained that high prices did not necessarily mean high wages, and that agricultural labourers would be no better off than now if Protection were again adopted. The report expressed the conviction of the committee that all commercial nations would ultimately adopt Free Trade.

The summer graduation ceremonial of Edinburgh University took place on Monday. The following three gentlemen received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws:—Dr. R. H. Gunning, Rio de Janeiro, a distinguished physician and a liberal benefactor of Edinburgh University; Mr. H. J. Roby, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, a distinguished classical scholar; and Professor Asa Gray, M.D., Professor of Botany, Harvard University, United States. Lord Chancellor Inglis conferred the degrees.

The Jubilee reunion of the past and present pupils of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind took place at Upper Norwood on Thursday week, in the presence of a large and distinguished company. In the morning, a business meeting was held, at which it was resolved to form a society for assisting old pupils when starting in business. In the afternoon, practical illustrations of the methods of instruction were given, and this interesting display was followed by a concert. After the concert, the past pupils presented the principal of the college, Dr. Campbell, with fifty volumes of the British poets, as a token of their gratitude to him.

Nearly 15,000 Volunteers went into camp in various parts of the country last Saturday for a week's exercise and instruction. In the home military district the troops encamped were the City of London Engineers at Hendon, the Finsbury Rifles at Finchley, and the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Volunteers at Great Marlow. In the northern military district there were twenty battalions under canvas, and in the North British district three battalions.—The Flintshire and Carnarvonshire Rifle Volunteers, who were encamped at Conway, were inspected by General Daniell, C.B., commanding the Northern Division. There was a muster of about 1000 on parade, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Cooke.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The platform orations of Parliamentary leaders, and the keenly-contested elections of recent date, show that the political fight is being waged most warmly outside the walls of St. Stephen's. The Prime Minister, in the brace of speeches he made to the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists of Norwich on the Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth of July, mainly contented himself with "marking time," and with a general justification of the policy of her Majesty's Government; but in the Marquis of Salisbury's second address he could not help, with characteristic humour, dragging a red herring across the trail of his supporters—Insufficient fare! There was promise of far more satisfying food, as regards Ireland, in the eloquent utterances of Mr. Gladstone, on Friday week, at the dinner given by Mr. Causton at the new National Liberal Club (albeit that is a palatial mansion divided against itself), and at the subsequent enthusiastic meeting of Liberals under the chairmanship of Mr. John Morley at the Farringdon-street Memorial Hall.

Mr. Gladstone's passing references to the need of a comprehensive measure of local self-government for London, and to the grievances of metropolitan leaseholders, were significant instances of his growing Radicalism. He was most animated in his light and happy personal allusions. In view of Mr. John Bright having a speech on the anvil for the Hartington banquet, it was daring of Mr. Gladstone to hazard a fall with so great a master of pungent epithet and phraseology. But the vivacious Liberal Leader did so. He grimly threw Mr. Bright, in a manner, to the historic Cave of Adullam, which the veteran Reformer years ago conjured up for Mr. Low and the dissenting Liberals of his epoch. In livelier style did Mr. Gladstone chaff Mr. Chamberlain—there is no other word for it—by his sly statement "that he may have a certain enjoyment in the cushioned ease of that society in which he now mixes with satisfaction, and which exhibits a very just appreciation of his remarkable talents." But, coming to the grain of Mr. Gladstone's address, I may quote the right hon. gentleman's explicit declarations with regard to Ireland, inasmuch as the Liberal successes at Spalding and Coventry, and the increased Liberal majorities in the Forest of Dean division of Gloucestershire and in the Bridgeton division of Glasgow demonstrate that the rising tide is with Mr. Gladstone. This is what Mr. Gladstone said on these essential points:—

You will remember that at the general election the strongest objection was taken in almost every quarter, and certainly in almost every Liberal quarter, to a proposal we had made for the employment of Imperial credit for the purpose of buying out the landlords of Ireland, or enabling them rather to buy themselves out, where they found it necessary, and were so disposed. I am not going to defend that plan, gentlemen (Cheers). I leave it aside entirely; but I ventured, after consultation with those of my friends who I felt could be taken as representative men—I have ventured publicly and notoriously to deliver the strong opinion that it is perfectly practicable for us, though with a certain amount of disadvantage in certain respects for us, to frame a scheme of land purchase for Ireland, adapted to the occasion, which shall not impose a burden on the Imperial credit (Cheers).

I want to call your attention to these three points—the use of the Imperial credit, the retention of the Irish members in Westminster, and the leaving free and open also the question of granting to some portion of Ulster, if it should be desired, a separate system. My proposition is this, and I do not see how it is to be denied—on these points there have been considerable efforts towards approximation and reunion on our parts; but have they been acknowledged as such by the Dissenting Liberals? (Cries of "No"). There is not a man among them, so far as I know, either among the leaders or among the followers, who has ever thought it worth while to give one word of acknowledgment of any of these concessions (Hear, hear).

The lesson of the elections is that the electorate is tiring of the delay in the solution of the Irish problem occasioned by the prejudices of the Liberal Unionists against reunion with their old leader, after he has in the plainest terms bidden goodbye to the clauses to which they entertained an invincible repugnance. Shorn of these objectionable clauses, what material difference is there between Mr. Gladstone's plan of a safeguarded system of local self-government for Ireland and Lord Hartington's reiterated concessions in the same direction? There is not a pin's point of difference between them; nor, for the matter of that, between the principles now enunciated by Mr. Gladstone and the Newport programme of Lord Salisbury in 1885. Under these circumstances, so shrewd a statesman as the present Premier is not likely to overlook the teaching of the increased Liberal majority in the Forest of Dean last Saturday, when Mr. Godfrey B. Samuelson, Gladstonian Liberal, was elected by a majority of 1550 over his Conservative rival, Mr. Wyndham; nor will the Marquis of Salisbury fail to gauge the meaning of Sir George Trevelyan's return for the Bridgeton division of Glasgow last Tuesday, when he secured a majority of 1401—several hundreds more than Mr. Russell's majority last year—over Mr. Evelyn Ashley, the Liberal Unionist. Sir George Trevelyan's return to public life is welcome. An earnest and honourable statesman, he has done yeoman's service in many a fight for progress. Seceding from Mr. Gladstone's administration when he found he could not agree with certain features of his Irish Land and Home Rule Bills, he returns to his banner now his chief has in set terms dropped those unacceptable features. In doing so, the right hon. Baronet has signally shown himself to be far above the influences of personal pique and prejudice.

One pregnant avowal of Sir George Trevelyan in Glasgow was that he was in favour of Lord Rosebery's idea of reforming the House of Lords. That the noble Earl in question is slowly but surely coming to the front is evidenced almost every day in the Upper Chamber. Whether as regards "high policy," as on Monday, when his Lordship elicited from Lord Salisbury a firm remonstrance against France on account of her military occupation of the New Hebrides, or whether as regards his sage remarks on so humble a domestic article as "margarine," the Earl of Rosebery is plainly making good his right to be the acting Leader of the Opposition in the Lords.

The Session in the Commons bids fair to expire amid a pyrotechnic blaze of personalities. The suspension of Mr. T. M. Healy by the Speaker on account of his savage threat to "break the neck" of Mr. De Lisle promised to be eclipsed at first by the scene caused on Tuesday by Mr. Dillon's frenzied appeal to the Speaker to name certain Conservative members, who had risen in their seats to deny the accuracy of his explanation. The hon. member was denying the truth of a newspaper report, which attributed to him a heartless demonstration when allusion was made in the House to the injury of a young schoolgirl by stone-throwing at Westport. But the tact and firmness of the Speaker quelled the rising storm on both sides. Were it not for these ebullitions the Session would expire with dullness. Mr. W. H. Smith gave it the coup de grâce on Monday. The Leader of the House dropped the Land Transfer Bill, the Lunacy Acts Amendment Bill, and the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill; and spoke dubiously of the Tithe Rent Charge Bill, Scotch University Bill and Sheriffs Consolidation Bill, and County Courts Consolidation Bill. It was to be observed that before the Irish Land Bill was read the third time and passed, there was a lively interchange of badinage between Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain, who both favoured Mr. T. W. Russell's amendment, whilst, of the two, only Mr. Chamberlain had so far the courage of his opinions as to vote for the amendment. It is to be hoped that when the Bill becomes an Act of Parliament it will be so wisely administered as to considerably ameliorate the agrarian differences in Ireland.

SKETCHES IN BURMAH.

The civilised part of the native population of Burmah adheres firmly to the Buddhist religion, which in that country seems to have preserved its ascendancy more free from other heathen forms of belief and worship than among the neighbouring nations of Eastern Asia. The monastic vows are generally observed by those who take them, whether for life or during a term of years; and all boys or young men of rank are compelled by law to reside three years in a "Kyoung," or religious house, where they minister to the "phoongye," or resident priest, and are instructed by that functionary in what we may call the four R's, namely, reading, writing, arithmetic, and religion. The ordination and appointment of a "phoongye," whose position is one of much ecclesiastical and social dignity, would be an affair of considerable local importance. It is usually attended with a procession in which the newly-consecrated religious director rides on horseback, with an escort of his subordinates in the service of the temple, and the members of the monastic college, to enter on the occupation of the sacred buildings. We are indebted for a clever Sketch of this scene to Lieutenant Edward R. Penrose, of the 23rd Bombay Light Infantry, a regiment which did useful service, in the early part of this year, in the pacification of the Yan country, north-east of the Irrawaddy, and some of whose actions have been mentioned in our Journal.

THE RUBY-MINES OF BURMAH.

The pending arrangements between the British Government of Burmah and Messrs. Streeter, of London, for working the Ruby-Mines, which have been described and illustrated in this Journal, were recently made the subject of questions addressed to Ministers in Parliament. These circumstances may give some interest to our present Illustration, from a photograph taken at Mogok, of the Shans and other native labourers engaged in the operations which have been commenced at those mines. There appears to be no difficulty in obtaining a supply of labour; but the productive value of the mines, which had long been worked by the Kings of Burmah, is doubted by some of the Mandalay correspondents of English newspapers. It remains to be seen whether the application of more scientific processes, aided by European skill and capital, may not be rewarded with satisfactory results.

Divine service was resumed in Westminster Abbey as usual on Sunday.

A partial eclipse of the moon, visible at London, took place on Wednesday evening.

The Mayor of Basingstoke, Major May, has presented an iron ornamental clock-tower to the town in commemoration of the Jubilee, and this was unveiled last week.

The opening match of the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta was sailed on Tuesday, the prize being her Majesty's Cup. The Lorne won with over three minutes to spare.

Last Saturday, W. East, of Isleworth, won Doggett's Coat and Badge; H. T. Gibson, of Putney, coming in second; and P. G. Hagon, of Poplar, third.

The council of King's College, London, have elected Mr. J. W. Groves, Demonstrator of Practical Biology, to the Chair of Botany, vacant by the resignation of Professor Robert Bentley.

Lady Burdett-Coutts on Saturday last distributed the prizes won at the 3rd Middlesex Rifle Volunteers regimental athletic sports, which took place during the afternoon and evening in the grounds of her residence, Holly Lodge, Highgate.

Mr. John Brinton, of Kidderminster, on Monday presented a public park to the inhabitants of the borough, the gift being one associated with the Jubilee of the Queen. The park is pleasantly situated a little way out of Kidderminster.

The Mayor of Huddersfield has forwarded £1000 towards the Imperial Institute Fund, and £2358 has been given to the Technical School as the proceeds of the Jubilee celebrations in that borough.

Mr. and Mrs. Leveson-Gower opened yesterday week the new waterworks which have been erected at Limsfield to supply the villages of Oxted and Limsfield and the neighbourhood with water.

Mr. C. F. Gill has been appointed senior prosecuting counsel for the Post Office on the South Eastern Circuit, in the place of Mr. E. Baggally, who has accepted the post of Magistrate at West Ham Police-Court.

Mr. Charles Wyndham presided at the dinner in aid of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, given yesterday week, at the Hôtel Métropole. During the evening, contributions to the amount of £600 were announced, including £100 from the Queen, ten guineas from the Prince of Wales, £50 from the chairman, £50 from Mr. A. De Rothschild, and £20 from Mr. Villiers.

A fancy bazaar will be held by the permission of Earl Granville, in the picturesque grounds of Walmer Castle, next Tuesday, the 9th inst., and two following days, in aid of the Walmer new parish church, for the completion of which about £4000 is still required. The bazaar will be opened by Earl Granville at 2.30 p.m. on the first day. All kinds of work, fancy articles, toys, pictures, fruit and flowers, and suitable and saleable goods of all descriptions, will be most thankfully received as gifts on behalf of the fund by the hon. secretary, Mr. W. H. Burch Rosher, The Laurels, Walmer, Kent.

The recent performance at a garden-party at Pope's Villa, Twickenham, of the sylvan scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," proved to be so brilliantly successful that it has been determined to repeat the entertainment, this time for a charitable purpose. The selection will be played this (Saturday) evening, in the garden of Pope's Villa, under the rays of the electric light. Miss Fortescue, Miss Dorothy Dene, and Miss Norreys will respectively enact the parts of Hermia, Helena, and Puck. Among the gentlemen will be Messrs. Claude and Eustace Ponsonby, Luxmore Marshall, and H. Morell-McKenzie. Miss Kate Vaughan will play Titania, Queen of the Fairies, and Mr. G. A. Sala, Bottom the Weaver.

The Perpetual Pensions Committee met yesterday week, and agreed upon the terms of their report. The only draft report before the committee was the document prepared by Mr. Bradlaugh, and after some discussion it was decided to adopt most of the recommendations contained therein. The clauses relating to the Duchy of Cornwall were negatived on the ground that they were outside the terms of the reference. The report, as finally agreed to, condemns the principle of perpetual pensions, and recommends that they should be determined and abolished. In the case of offices held without service, it is recommended that in no case should they be permitted to go on longer than the life of the present holder. In regard to the commutation, the report declares that twenty-seven years' purchase is too high. It is stated that since Jan. 1, 1881, 330 pensions have been commuted, amounting to nearly £19,000 a year, at a cost to the country of £530,000. The report concludes with an expression of opinion that the Treasury has commuted certain pensions after indications of opposition have been given without sufficient inquiry into the ground of the opposition.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Goodwood has come to terminate the London season. While Parliament sits, there must always be some society in town; there are yet two or three fashionable weddings to take place; and the number of American visitors in London appears unusually large. But the true London season is over when "the Sussex fortnight" begins. The great houses have their blinds pulled down; the shop-windows have nothing new of interest in them; livery-stable hacks replace in Piccadilly and Regent-street coronetted and well-horsed carriages; cabmen become willing to find their way to Islington, or to accept the proper fare from Charing-cross to the Bank; the stalls of such theatres as remain open are like a desert with an occasional oasis in the shape of a group of auditors; St. James's Hall has leisure to get properly aired, for one concert no longer follows on another so rapidly that the echoes of the first mingle with the sounds of the next; the Academy, the Institute, and the other picture shows are clearing their walls; young clerks departing for their fortnight at Margate push against the more fortunate people bound for the delights of the springs and the kursalas of German watering-places, the eternal snows of the Bernese giants which tower above beautiful Mürren, the shady avenues beside the emerald lake at Lucerne, or the peaceful beauty of the shores of the blue waters of Lake Lemán. Sportsmen are making their last arrangements for "the Twelfth," and the ladies who love the moors are trying on their tweed knickerbockers, their gaiters, their short plain skirts, their Norfolk jackets, and their thick-soled, flat-heeled shooting-boots. Salmon is fourteenpence the pound in town, the chicken famine is over, black ice is no longer sold as a favour to regular customers:—in short, the season is past.

No greater contrast could be imagined in dresses than exists between the gowns worn at Goodwood and those prepared for travelling purposes. The scene on the Duke of Richmond's lawns was this year shorn of much of its accustomed brilliancy. The deaths of the Duchesses of Richmond and Norfolk not only prevented the gathering of the usual house parties of Goodwood and Arundel Castle, but also deprived the meeting of the presence of the Princess of Wales, who doubtless felt, with her usual tact, that it would not be congenial to her to go to a merry-making necessarily associated with the late Peeresses so soon after their deaths. The same cause kept away many other ladies. Nevertheless, the lawns bore the appearance of a garden-party. Embroidered cambrics and muslins, light thin silks, and lace appeared side by side with most elaborate toilettes on the Cup day. White was by far the most popular colour. But there is a great difference between a white muslin dress with a little embroidery draped across the front and a simple bodice confined by a ribbon waist-belt, and such a costume as the following:—There was a polonaise of fine white cloth, with a full vest to the bust of white crêpe lisse, embroidered beautifully with silk in Gobelins blue, gold, and a few threads of scarlet. The opening where the vest was inserted was edged round with narrow passementerie of gold and silver threads intermingled, and the same beautiful trimming was continued round the edges of draperies, which were drawn up high at the left hip over an underskirt of white silk relieved by a panel of the same embroidery as formed the vest; of this worked white lisse also the bonnet was composed, while it was trimmed with large white "puff-balls" and a few small green sprays. Black and white, too, remains very popular. One of the most effective dresses in this style reminded you of a tea-gown in its front, having one long piece of black lace over white silk draped right down from throat to feet; the rest of the bodice was, however, made jacket fashion, the fronts loose, the back plain. It was of black silk; the edges of the loose fronts were, however, cut out in tabs, which were bound round with white silk, and its lining was of black and white striped silk, which slightly showed as the bodice fronts hung loosely. The back of the skirt was plainly-draped black silk, and glimpses of black and white stripes, as though of lining, were visible here and there down its sides, while there was an underskirt just showing beneath the draperies, and composed of alternate black and white tabs, row above row.

Soft China silks, profusely trimmed with lace, were much worn. Apricot yellow, heliotrope, and Gobelins blue were, next to white, most popular. In dust-cloaks, tussore silk still holds its own, perhaps because its inoffensive natural tint combines so admirably with any and every other colour. Alpaca is not successful for dust-cloaks in an English milliner's hands, though I have seen a friend in a Parisian coat of pale pink alpaca trimmed with cream torchon lace, which was very handsome and unique. Bonnets were far more general than hats. As for parasols, they were quite features of the costumes. Nearly all parasols are trimmed, just now; some covered, either partially or entirely, with gathered lace, others with point d'esprit net, others having stripes of ribbon drawn over them in contrasting colours to the ground.

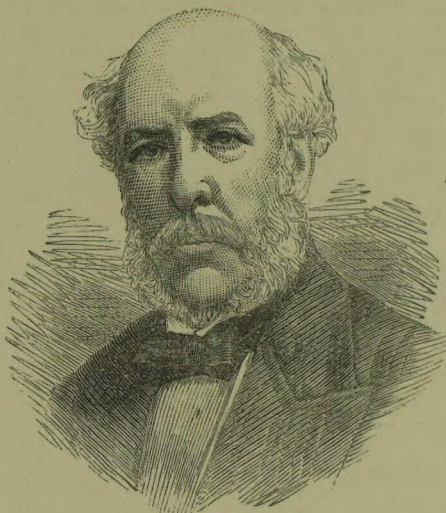
In travelling-dresses simplicity reigns. The extremely plain draperies made by tailors are suited to the pretty cheeks which are the prevailing patterns in tweeds and light cloths. Most of the gowns are scarcely draped at all, only just pleated in at the sides, enough to throw the material into a few simple cross-way folds for the tabliers (which are invariably long, whether square or pointed), and having either straight backs fully gathered on to the band, or a little caught up at the top only, over the cushion. Velvet is less used this year than it was last for trimming cloth dresses, silk having taken its place in popularity. Braiding is as fashionable as ever. It is done very elaborately in set patterns, and this is sufficient to save the style from becoming vulgarised at the hands of the cheap dressmaker. Whole waistcoats of closely patterned designs in braiding are seen, and so are simulated collars; the latter being usually made in a deep point from the standing collar of the material to the middle of the bust, and again pointed on the shoulder, to give an epaulette effect. Silver braid does not look too smart on either a grey or a black plain cloth. Waistcoats reaching to the waist are still much worn, but are partially superseded by three-cornered ones reaching to the bust only, made either of silk, velvet, or plain or fancy cloth, to contrast, as the case may be, with the rest of the bodice; the hooking up then begins at the right shoulder, concealed under the seam, and is continued across to the left side of the waist, the edge of the bodice hooking invisibly on the vest, so that the fastening would be a mystery to the uninitiated.

It is some years since I found myself obliged to be reconciled to being ignorant of most things and learned about a very few. Heraldry is one of the neglected branches of my education; and when I hear, for instance, of "a double treasure flory counterflory gules," I look as blank as a wooden doll. Well, then, naturally, if I touch the topic with the mere point of my pen, I blunder. I made a sad mistake in reporting the information which Lady Llanover (who knows so very much about old Wales and its Royal story) was so kind as to give me, about why the favours of the Welsh ladies at the Windsor function were green and white. Those were truly the old Royal colours of Wales; but the banner was not, as I said, green crossed with white, but green and white divided longitudinally, and having in the centre the red dragon of Wales rampant.

F. F. M.

THE NEW TAY BRIDGE AT DUNDEE.

The terrible disaster on the night of Sunday, Dec. 28, 1879, when the iron railway-bridge over the Tay estuary, while a passenger-train was crossing, amidst a violent hurricane of wind, suddenly fell into the raging waters below, and ninety lives were lost, cannot yet have been forgotten. The bridge, which had been constructed in six years, at a total cost of £350,000, from the designs of the late Sir Thomas Bouch, C.E., was opened for traffic on May 30, 1878. It was 3450 yards long, consisting of eighty-five spans, eleven of which, with lattice girders, measured 225 ft., others 227 ft., 166 ft., 145 ft., and 129 ft., on piers formed of six cast-iron columns resting upon masonry and concrete. These iron columns, two in each pier, were connected laterally with each other by cross-bracings of wrought iron; and the loosening of the tie-bars, which were insufficiently fastened, made the bridge unable to resist the tremendous force of the wind. The foundations of the piers themselves had not actually given way. The North British Railway Company lost no time in applying to Parliament for powers to construct a new bridge, on the old foundations, for which plans were prepared by Mr. James

MR. W. H. BARLOW, C.E., F.R.S.,
Engineer of the New Tay Bridge.

Brunlees, C.E.; but the Bill was rejected in the Session of 1880. The directors then called in Mr. W. H. Barlow, C.E., who made an accurate examination, applying various tests and experiments to the existing piers. He reported in favour of making entirely new foundations; and in 1881 a Bill was introduced for the construction of a new Tay Bridge, which would cost £670,000, sixty feet westward of the one that fell. It was stipulated with the Perth Town Council, in the interest of the river navigation, that four of the openings between the piers should be 215 ft. wide, with a clear height of 77 ft. above high water at ordinary spring tides; and vessels were to be towed through at the expense of the railway company. The Board of Trade also required the removal of the ruins of the old bridge. The Bill having passed, the contract for the works was taken by Messrs. William Arrol and Co., of Glasgow, and operations were commenced early in 1882, which are now successfully completed.

We give some illustrations of the new Tay Bridge. The entire length of the viaduct is 10,780 ft., the width of the river being 9580 ft. There are eighty-five spans, of which eleven are 245 ft. in length, two of 227 ft., one 162 ft., thirteen 145 ft., twenty-one 129 ft., one 113 ft., one 108 ft., twenty-four 71 ft., four 66 ft., one 56 ft., two iron arches 81 ft. (approach on the

MR. W. ARROL, OF GLASGOW,
Contractor for the New Tay Bridge.

Dundee side), and four brick arches 50 ft. (approach on the Fife side). The height above the water to the under side of the girders is 65 ft. on the south side, 77 ft. in the centre, and 16 ft. on the north side of the river. The foundations of the piers consist of solid brick and concrete cylinders, arranged in pairs, encased in strong wrought-iron caissons, up to low-water mark, and continued upwards, faced with Staffordshire brick impervious to water. Above high-water mark, each pair of cylinders is united by a massive connecting piece of masonry, on the top of which are laid the iron plates forming the base of the iron superstructure. This is of singularly graceful design; two iron octagonal columns, each firmly braced inside and plated outside, rise above the pair of piers, and the inner portions meet above in an arch, while the outer parts extend to support a platform 40 ft. wide, upon which the girders of the span rest, the lattice-girder form of construction being employed. The effect of using these iron columns, instead of raising the piers of solid masonry to the girder level, is greatly to reduce the weight put upon the foundations, while obtaining strength enough to bear any strain on the bridge. The flooring of the bridge is of steel, in deep furrows, coated with asphalt and ballasted. The sides are protected by lattice-work, which will break the force of the wind on trains passing over the bridge. The structure will bear a lateral wind-pressure of 56 lb. to the square foot. All the materials were severely tested. The quantity of wrought iron used, including many girders from the old bridge, is 19,000 tons; of steel, 3500 tons; and of cast-iron, for the piers, 2500 tons; with three million rivets, averaging five inches in length; ten million bricks, weighing 37,500 tons; and 70,000 tons of concrete. The cost

has not greatly exceeded the estimate, being about £282,000 for the foundations, £268,000 for the piers, and £268,000 for the girders and parapets. Adding, however, the cost of the bridge that was destroyed, the North British Railway Company has spent more than a million sterling in bridging the Tay. The public advantage gained is that of shortening the journey from Dundee to Edinburgh by one hour, and from Aberdeen to Edinburgh by two hours, while the traffic between Dundee and the east of Fife is doubled. The new bridge was first used for ordinary passenger traffic on the Queen's Jubilee day, instead of the ferry at Tayport.

The eminent engineer, Mr. William Henry Barlow, of London, is a son of the late Professor Barlow, of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. He was born in 1812, studied under his father, and was a pupil in the machinery department of Woolwich Dockyard, and with the engineer of the London Docks. He went, in 1832, to Constantinople, for Messrs. Maudslay and Field, to erect machinery at the Turkish Ordnance Factory, and was also employed about the light-houses on the Bosphorus. In 1838 he became assistant-engineer of the Manchester and Birmingham (London and North-Western) Railway, and was subsequently engineer to the Midland Railway in the construction of several branch lines, and in designing the St. Pancras Station, with its great roof of 240 ft. span. He was joint engineer with Sir John Hawkshaw in completing the Clifton Suspension Bridge. In 1850, Mr. Barlow, who is the author of valuable scientific researches in mechanics and electricity, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and he is one of its vice-presidents.

Mr. William Arrol, born at Houston, near Paisley, and now about forty-seven years of age, was a working man; first employed in the establishment of Messrs. Coats, of that town, he was afterwards apprenticed to Mr. Reid, a well-known blacksmith, engineer, and yachtsman; he laboured in the shipbuilding yards of the Clyde, and became foreman of the girder department at Messrs. Laidlaw and Sons' Barrowfield Iron Works. But he set up in business on his own account in Glasgow at the age of twenty-six, and in time became proprietor of the great Dalmarnock Iron Works. He now employs four or five thousand men, and has the character of being one of the best of masters; all his assistants are of his own training. Among his important works have been the bridges on the Glasgow, Hamilton, and Bothwell Railway; the South Esk railway bridge at Montrose; the Broomielaw viaduct of the Caledonian Railway, and several bridges in Brazil; he took the contract for the Forth Bridge at Queensferry, as originally designed by Sir T. Bouch, and is contractor for the bridge that is now being constructed to cross the Forth at the Isle of Inchgarvie. Mr. Arrol has invented and applied various useful devices, such as the patent drilling and riveting machine, for the more economic execution of heavy ironwork.

MUSIC.

The recent close of the Italian opera season at Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane Theatres, the previous premature termination of that at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the conclusion of important serial concerts, have left the vacuum in London music that generally ensues at this period. The interregnum, however, is a brief one: Covent-Garden Theatre (as before stated) will be reopened on Aug. 13 for promenade concerts, again under the direction of Mr. W. F. Thomas.

The conclusion of the summer term of the Royal Academy of Music last week was the occasion of the distribution of prizes. These consisted of the Parepa-Rosa and Llewelyn Thomas gold medals, awarded, respectively, to David Hughes and Hannah M. Jones; the Charles Lucas silver medal, awarded to E. C. Nunn; the Sterndale Bennett, Evill, and Santley prizes (purses of ten guineas each), gained, respectively, by Miss Dora Bright, Alec Marsh, and W. J. Kipps; and other prizes and medals, besides certificates of merit, bestowed on deserving pupils, who have distinguished themselves in their studies. The Principal of the Academy, Sir G. A. Macfarren, made an appropriate address at the commencement of the proceedings (which included two part-songs for female choir, composed by Mr. G. J. Bennett); and Miss Mary Davies, who delivered the awards, addressed some remarks to the students at the close.

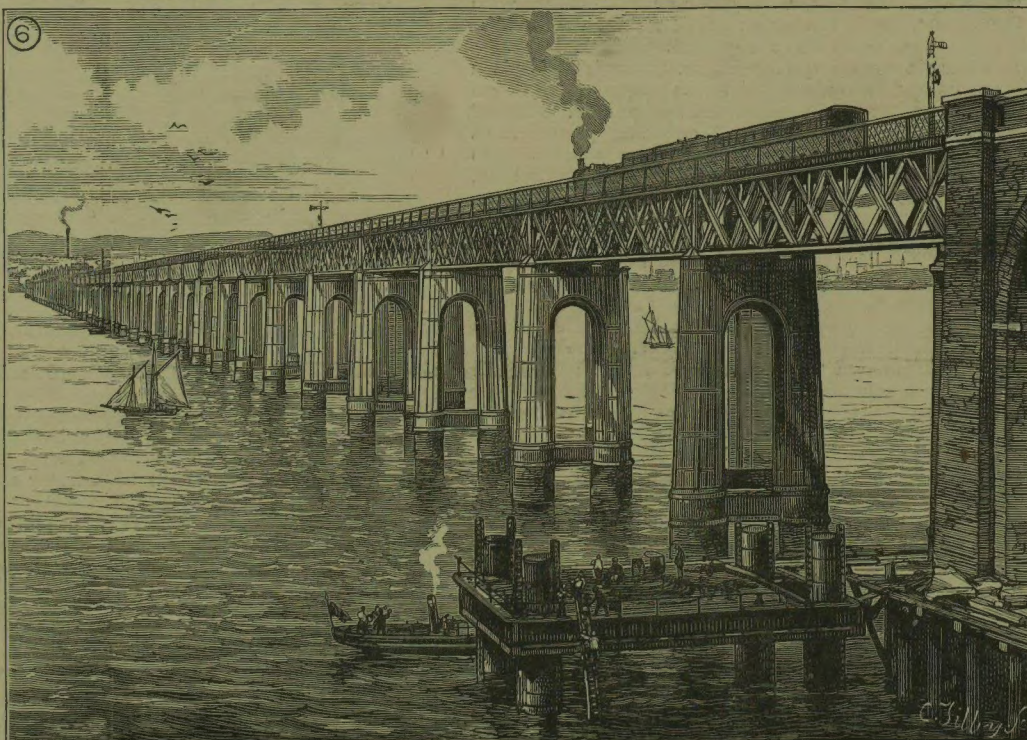
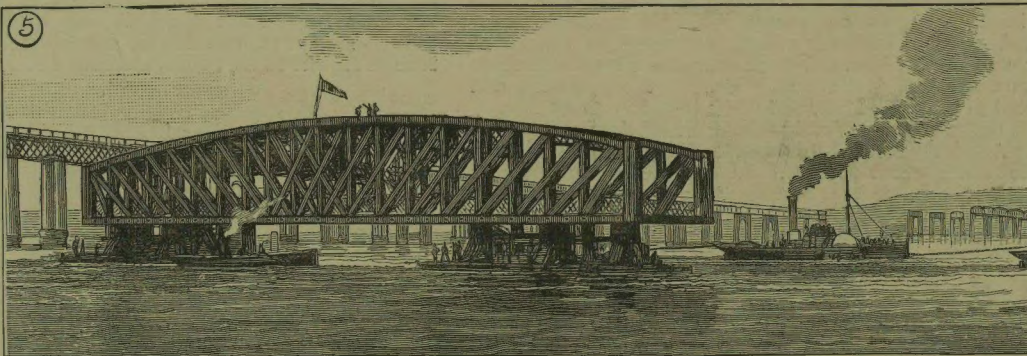
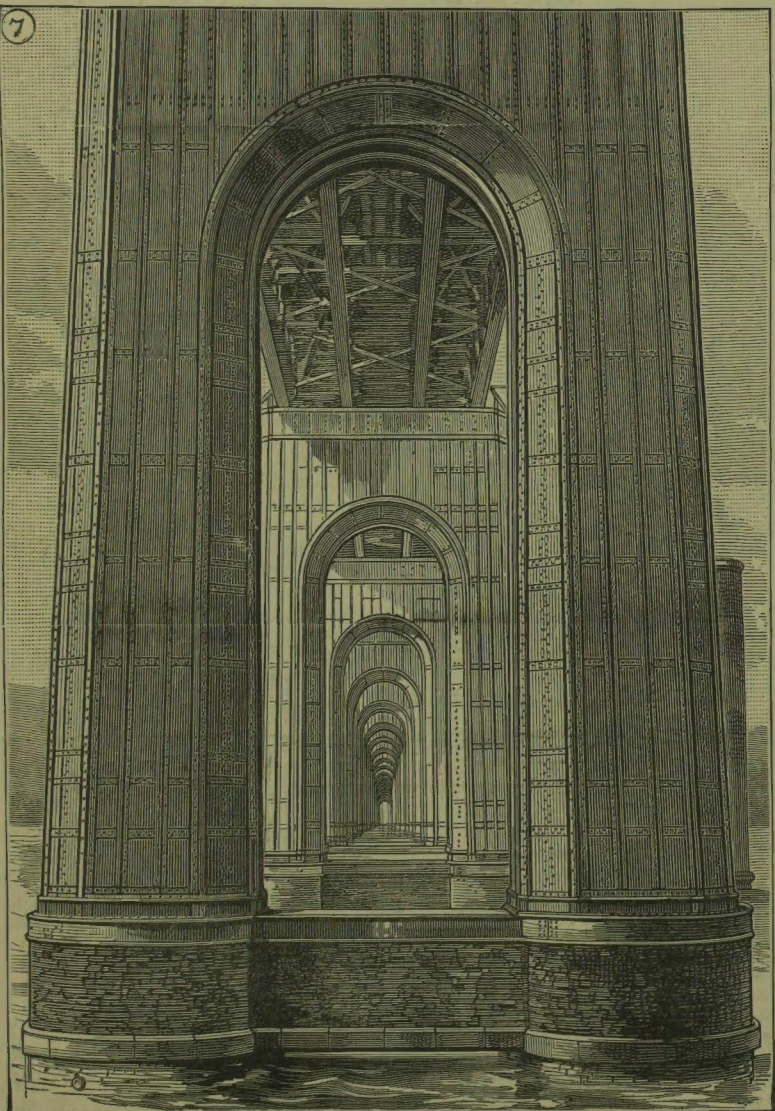
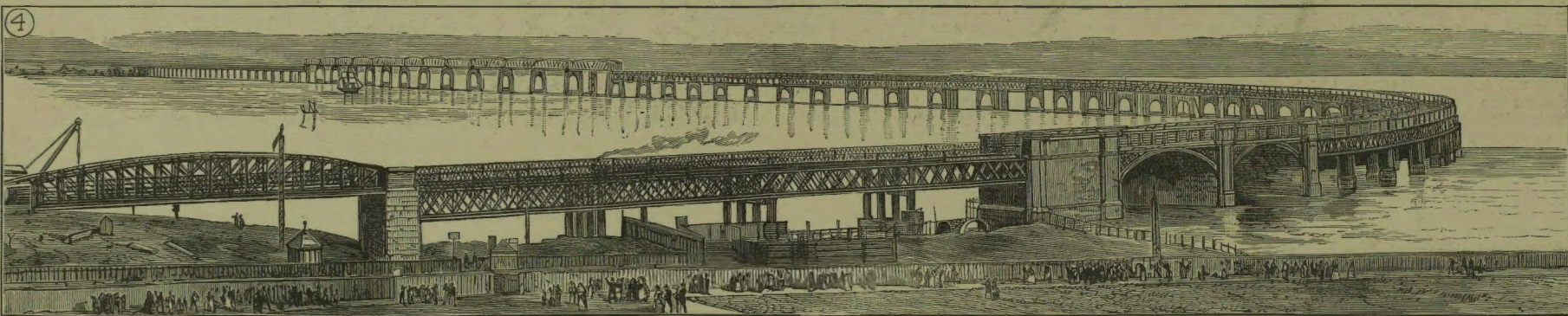
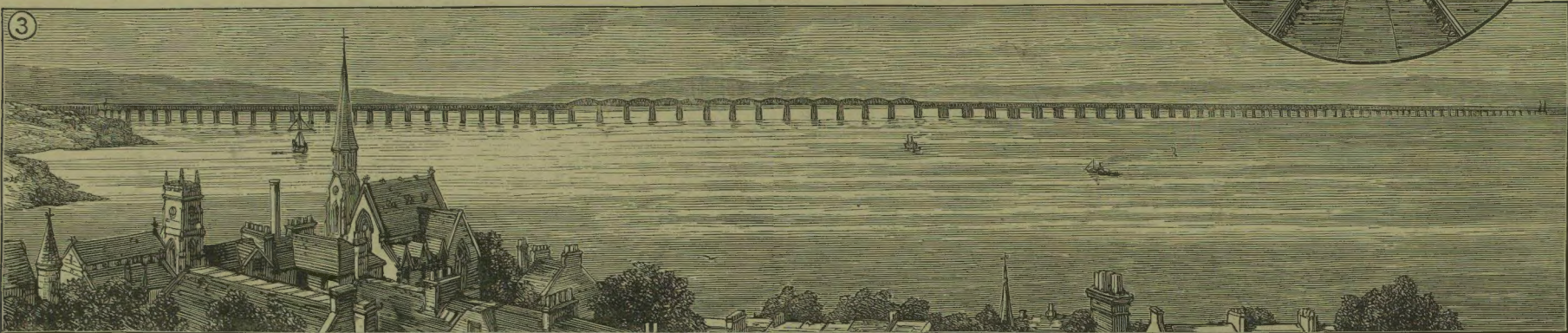
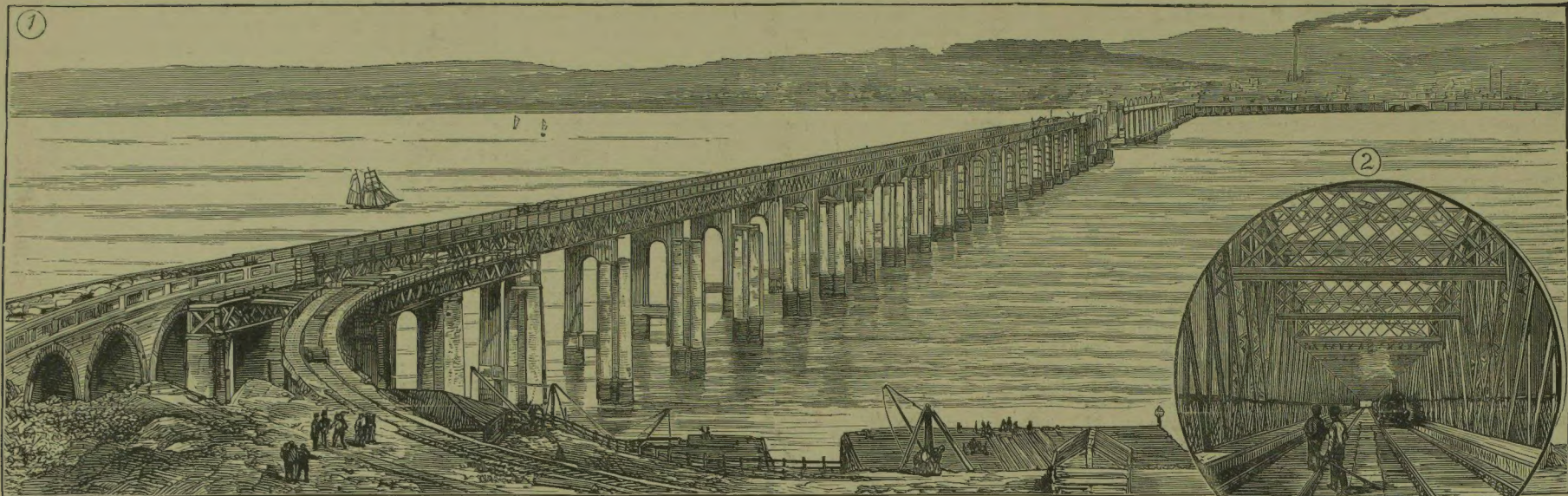
The Worcester Festival, as already stated, will begin on Sept. 6. We are now in possession of the detailed programme of the performances, which will open—according to the usual precedent—with Mendelssohn's "Elijah" on the Tuesday morning in the cathedral, where, on the next morning, Schubert's mass in E flat and Spohr's "Last Judgment" will be given, followed, in the evening, by Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption"; the Thursday morning being appropriated to Mr. Cowen's new oratorio "Ruth" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise"—the oratorio performances closing, as usual, with the "Messiah" on the Friday morning. Evening concerts will be given, in the public hall, on the Tuesday and Thursday evenings; at the first of which Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend" will be a principal feature, the second concert including Mr. Cowen's Scandinavian symphony and other interesting items. As heretofore, the festival will be inaugurated, on the Sunday morning (Sept. 4), by a grand service in the cathedral, with a sermon, appropriate to the occasion, to be preached by the Very Rev. Dr. John Gott, Dean of Worcester—the close of the celebration being supplemented by a cathedral service on the Friday evening (Sept. 9). The principal solo vocalists announced are Madame Albani, Misses Anna Williams, H. Glenn, and E. Rees; Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. Brereton, Mr. W. Mills, and Mr. Millward. Mr. Done and Mr. C. L. Williams are the conductors of the festival.

Signor Caracciolo—well known as a teacher of singing, a skilful vocalist, and a meritorious composer—died recently, at a comparatively early age.

Next week the Welsh National Eisteddfod will hold its proceedings at the Royal Albert Hall, to be opened on the Tuesday by Mr. Gladstone; the Prince of Wales presiding on the closing day, Aug. 12. There will be bardic and choral competitions, with the chairing and crowning of successful bards; performances by the Eisteddfod choir (over 300 voices) and a band of twenty-five harps; and concerts of Welsh glees, part-songs, and national melodies.

The Hon. Major his Highness Maharajah Nripendro Narain, Bahadur of Cooch Behar, is granted the honorary rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army.

Yesterday week the fifty-fourth session at the Army Medical School, Netley Hospital, closed, the prizes and certificates being presented by Sir Henry Acland. All the students gained commissions. Mr. Graham gained the Montefiore medal and the prize of 20 guineas. Mr. Meyer gained the Herbert prize of £20, with the Martin memorial gold medal. Mr. Marks gained the prize in pathology, presented by Sir Joseph Fayrer; Mr. Elliott, the Montefiore second prize; and Mr. Murray, the Parkes memorial bronze medal. Sir Thomas Longmore, who has been head of the school for nearly a quarter of a century, was presented with his portrait by a deputation from London.



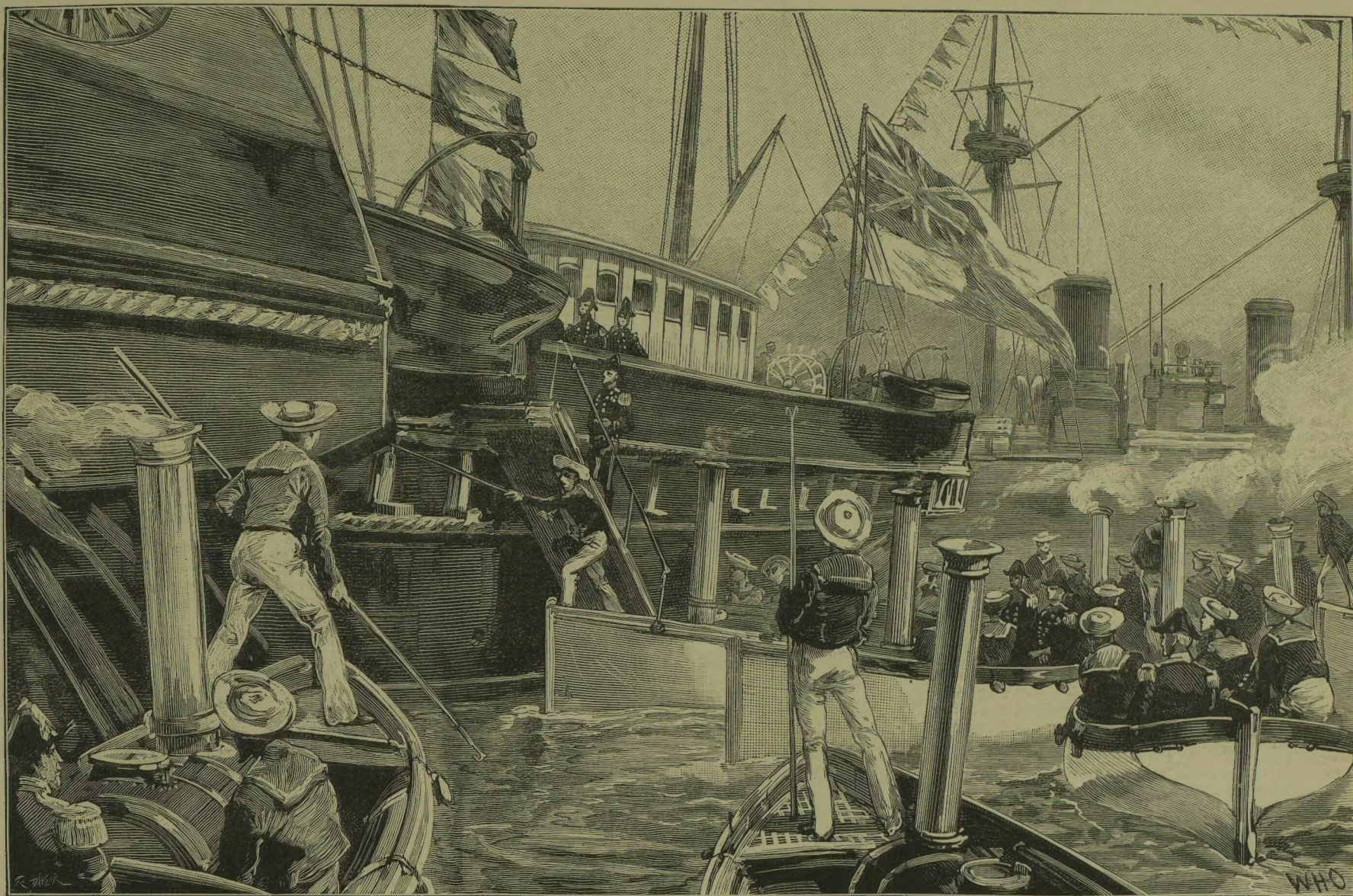
1. The New Tay Bridge, View from the South-east.
2. Inside the Bridge.

3. The New Tay Bridge, from East Tayport, Two Miles distant.
4. General View of the Bridge from the North End.

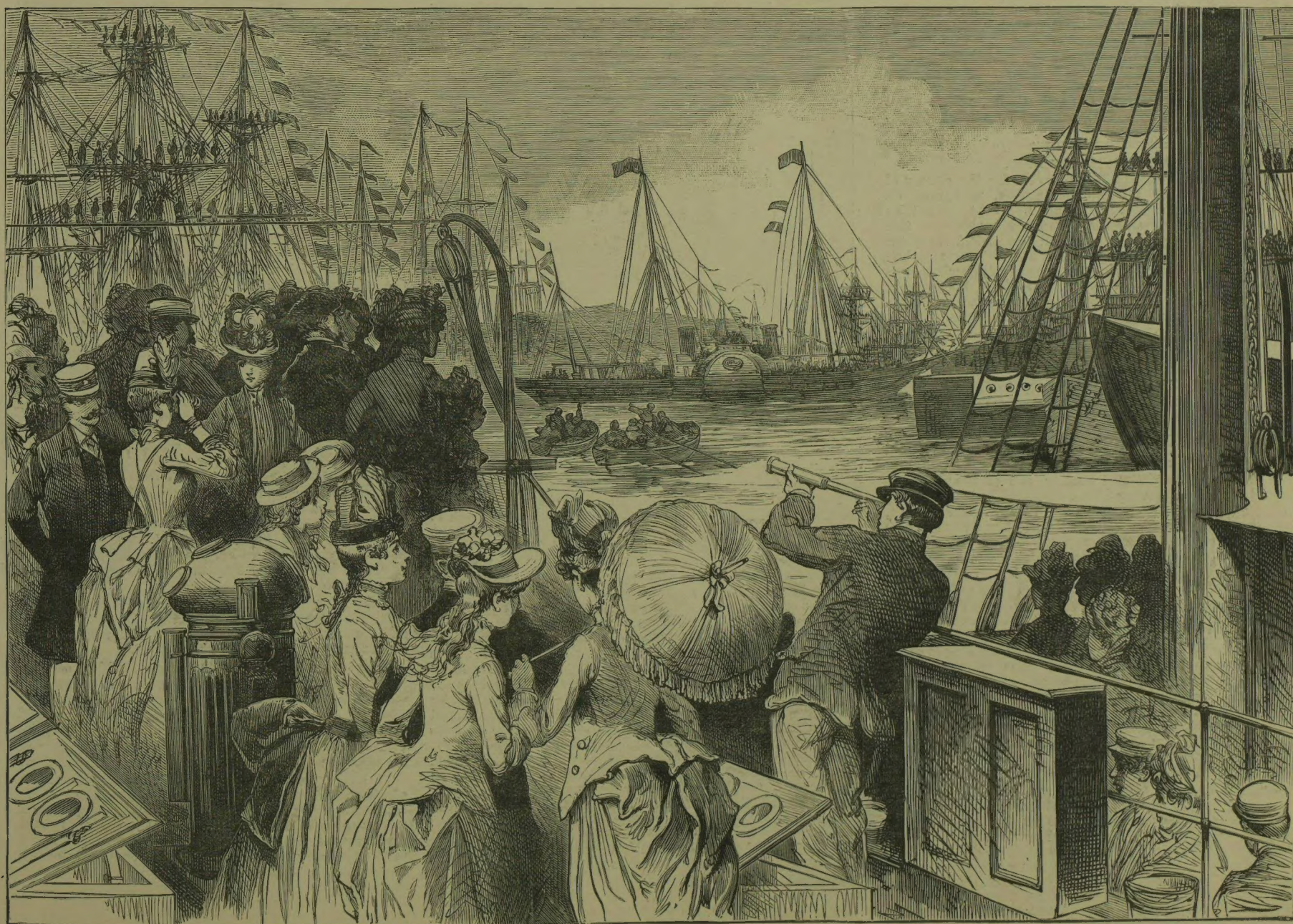
5. Floating out the last Span.

6. The New Tay Bridge, View from South-west.
7. Looking through the Piers, from South End.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.



CAPTAINS OF THE FLEET GOING ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT VICTORIA AND ALBERT.



THE QUEEN'S YACHT PASSING THROUGH THE LINES (SKETCHED FROM ON BOARD THE JOHN PENDER TELEGRAPH-CABLE SHIP).

THE JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW.

Fully as our marine Artists depicted the magnificent Naval Review off Spithead in the last Number of *The Illustrated London News*, the memorable sea-pageant on the Twenty-third of July presented many other picturesque features, as may be judged from the additional Engravings we print this week. Chief of these is the drawing by Mr. R. Caton Woodville, who had the honour to be on board the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, by gracious permission of the Queen. Her Majesty inspected her iron-clad men-of-war from the quarter-deck, where she sat with a group of Princes and Princesses, under the white canvas awning, evincing the keenest interest in each ship, and smilingly acknowledging the hearty hurrahs of the bluejackets. "For'ard," the Queen's stately yacht seemed a blaze of colour, grace to the brilliant uniforms of the courteous officers of the Royal household and many distinguished personages on board. Mr. Woodville delineates the scene on the bridge of the Victoria and Albert. We see the Queen with the Princesses below under the awning; whilst the most conspicuous figure on the bridge is his Imperial Highness the Crown Prince of Germany with plumed helmet, an eager observer of the splendid naval spectacle. That dashing young Nelson of the service, Lord Charles Beresford, will be recognised, hat in hand, to the rear of the Crown Prince, in company with other distinguished officers. Bearing in mind the close relationship of her Majesty and the Crown Prince, the presence of his Imperial Highness at the grand Naval Review organised so well by Admiral Sir George Wiles may not have been without strong political importance.

Bright and pretty looked the steam-pinnacles darting towards the Royal yacht with the Admirals and Captains of the Fleet, gracefully signalled for by her Majesty, who caused the Victoria and Albert to be anchored in the middle of the towering lines of Ironclads in order that she might hold an impromptu naval Levée on board. Mr. W. H. Overend has hit off this gathering of eminent naval leaders on board the Royal yacht to pay homage to the Queen, who was assiduously helped in the reception by the Prince of Wales in the uniform of a brand-new Admiral.

From the fine cable-ship of the Eastern Telegraph Company, the steam-ship John Pender, another of our Artists, Mr. Maynard Brown, had the privilege to sketch the passing of the Queen's yacht through the lines of her Ironclads, whose yards (when they had any) were manned by cheering bluejackets. It being the month, by a happy coincidence, of the Jubilee of the Electric Telegraph, there were fortuitously afloat in the Solent on this Royal occasion quite a squadron of telegraph-cable ships. Her Majesty, doubtless, had pointed out to her the serviceable vessels of the Eastern Telegraph Company, the Mirror and Electra, as well as the John Pender; the Monarch Post Office ship, the Seine, and the grand steam-ship Silvertown, of the India Rubber, Gutta Percha, and Telegraph Works Company. Apropos of the invaluable services rendered by the Eastern Telegraph Company and the Atlantic Cable and similar companies, Mr. John Pender, who has devoted his fortune and all his energies to the promotion of ocean-telegraphy, made a tersely eloquent statement in the singularly able speech he made at the Electric Telegraph Jubilee dinner. We read in the *Electrician's* report of Mr. John Pender's speech that "Twenty years ago there were only something like 2000 miles of submarine cables. Now there are 115,000 miles, and it has cost something like £38,000,000 or £39,000,000 sterling to put that amount of telegraph cable to the bottom of the sea. There was a prophecy long ago that the earth was to be girded round in forty minutes. Why, we have got as much submarine telegraph cable as will go round the world five times, and we can send a message round the world in twenty minutes at the present moment." In this festive Jubilee year, when the Government has called together a Colonial Conference to federate the Queen's Empire by more solid and closer ties, it is particularly timely to recall to mind the Imperial utility of our telegraph cables, which unite India and the Colonies to the Motherland by a most sympathetic bond of union.

CAPTAIN POUNDEN'S WILL.

The will of Captain Lonsdale Pounden, J.P. for the county of Wexford and D.L. of the Tower Hamlets, who died on March 3 last, at Brownswood, Ireland, has been proved by Major Walter McGrigor and Mr. James Walter Weldon, two of the executors, the personal estate in the United Kingdom being sworn at upwards of £427,000. The testator also had real estate at Brownswood, in the county of Wexford, and elsewhere in Ireland; and he leaves the whole of his property to his daughter, Mrs. Eveleen McLaren Smith, and her eldest son.

The monument erected in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral to the memory of the late Charles Reade, D.C.L., was unveiled on Tuesday afternoon by Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P.

The steam-ship Umbria, on her way to New York, encountered on Wednesday week an enormous wave, which towered above the officer on the bridge, who was forty feet above the water-line. Tons of water were shipped, and the passengers were greatly alarmed. The vessel was damaged, but was able to land all her passengers safely in New York.

The Newbury Horticultural Society, one of the oldest of the kind in existence, having been established in 1848, held its annual exhibition of flowers, fruit, and vegetables on Monday, in the grounds of Shaw House, a fine Elizabethan mansion. The fête was largely attended, and the show proved a success in all departments.—The Newbury Beekeepers' Association held their annual exhibition in the same grounds. Two bands of music attended, and at night there was a display of fireworks.

At the Conference of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, at the Guildhall, on Thursday week, papers were read on foreign judgments, limited partnerships, pre-emption of homesteads, timber claim laws in America, and signals of warning at sea against collision with icebergs; a resolution being passed in favour of adopting the American signal code for this purpose. On Friday a resolution was adopted to the effect that all civilised nations should enter into mutual engagements to submit to arbitration all questions arising out of the interpretation of existing treaties and conventions.

Mr. A. B. Forwood, M.P., Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, distributed the Queen's gold medal and other prizes to the cadets of H.M.S. Worcester, off Greenhithe, on Thursday week, in the presence of a large number of visitors from town. Her Majesty's annual prize, to the youth who is likely to make the finest sailor, was awarded to Cadet T. Oloff De Wet, who also received the sextant given by the Trinity House to the winner of the Queen's gold medal. At the close of the distribution Mr. Forwood said the Worcester had met a want long felt by ship-owners of the Port of London. Since its establishment it had turned out 2000 officers well grounded in the principles of their profession. The prize-meeting was also addressed by Mr. Clemence Markham, C.B., who presided; the Rev. J. Wardroper; an old "Worcester," Admiral Brine; Captain Toyubee, and others.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

The Jubilee Cup has been manufactured by Messrs. Hancocks



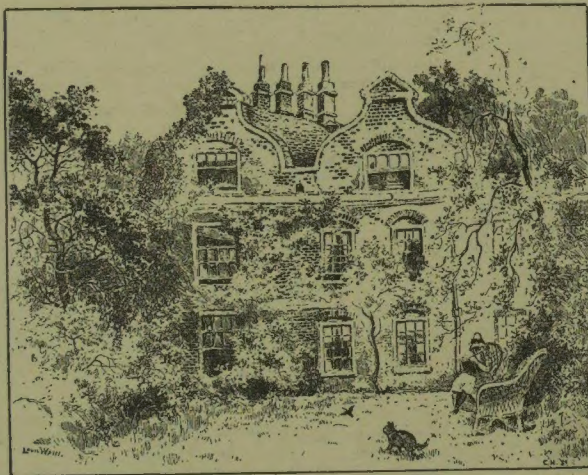
ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB JUBILEE CUP.

and Co., the well-known art-workers in silver; it was designed by Signor Monti, and is considered to be one of his finest works. The cup is surmounted by the figure of Victory holding a wreath to crown the winner; on each handle is a finely modelled figure of a seamymp. One medallion represents the contest between Minerva and Neptune as to who should produce the most useful gift to mankind, Minerva producing the tree, and Neptune creating the horse by striking the rock with his trident. The reverse side has a bust of her Majesty the Queen, modelled from the new coinage, with flags of the Yacht Club on each side, and the name of the club, and the two dates, 1837 and 1887, in bold relief. The cup is of silver, partly gilt. Its rich ornamentation was specially designed by Mr. Owen Jones. The cup was won on Tuesday by the cutter Neptune.

RALEIGH HOUSE, Brixton-Rise.

Biographical and antiquarian interest was slightly excited, about two months ago, by an announcement of the impending sale of a suburban estate, valuable for building ground, situated between Lower Tulse-hill and Brixton-rise, where a once pretty stream, with the romantic name of the Effra, which is now little better than a sewer, flowed among

pleasant woods and meadows in the olden time. The estate, of eleven or twelve acres, was put up to auction, but was not then sold, and we have not heard whether it has since been disposed of by private bargain. It is called the Raleigh House estate; and there is a tradition that Sir Walter Raleigh sometime had a rural abode there; but the old mansion at present existing cannot be supposed to have been built in Queen Elizabeth's time by Raleigh. There are, however, in the fair county of Devon, perfectly authentic and extremely interesting local memorials of that accomplished but unfortunate hero of the Elizabethan age. The farm-house of Hayes, East Budleigh, near Exmouth, containing the bed-room



RALEIGH HOUSE, Brixton-Rise.
Inhabited once by Sir Walter Raleigh.

with its antique furniture where he was born, in 1552, was open to the inspection of visitors some years ago; and there was the family mansion of the Champenownes, his mother's relatives, near Totnes, where Raleigh is known to have sojourned after his return from the military expedition under the Earl of Leicester to Holland. A curious relic of him was found there, in a chest bearing his initials, "W. R.," which held certain legal documents of the family and a copper tobacco-box of Dutch manufacture, engraved with satirical emblems of the Spanish Governor of the Netherlands, Cardinal Granvella, represented with an ass's head, and the sheaf of arrows and thunderbolts, symbolising the union of the Dutch and Flemish provinces in their revolt against Philip II. This tobacco-box—which seems to prove that Raleigh learnt to smoke in Holland, where the practice was introduced by the Spaniards, long before he went to Virginia—was examined by the Society of Antiquaries; and was subsequently consigned to Messrs. Puttick and Simpson for sale on account of its owner, who was residing in Australia, and who had sent it from Melbourne to London. The memorials of Raleigh, indeed, are not deficient; but Londoners may still regard with interest the place of his long imprisonment in the Tower, and the site of the scaffold on which he was beheaded in Old Palace-yard.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Sir Cecil Clementini Smith, K.C.M.G., to be Governor of the Straits Settlements, in succession to Sir Frederick A. Weld, G.C.M.G., whose extended term of office will expire in October next.

The Bank Holiday was celebrated as a general holiday in London, and the weather being very favourable the numerous excursions and all outdoor amusements were very largely patronised. At the Law Courts on Monday the various courts and offices were open for business as usual, and both Houses of Parliament sat.

MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

Blackwood's Magazine.—Mrs. Oliphant continues her story of "Joyce," the girl brought up in a Scottish peasant home, and employed as a village schoolteacher, who is discovered to be the daughter of an elderly Colonel from India, but whose heart revolts against leaving her humble friends to enter the exclusive circles of rank and wealth. Her betrothed, Halliday the schoolmaster, need not have been portrayed as a snob. "Eberhardt" is a short tale of an English girl wedded to a masterful German, who has concealed a dark passage in his former life by changing his name. A description of the romantic little isle of Sark, or Sark, is attractive and interesting; and there is an account of hunting experiences in the Rocky Mountains.

Macmillan's Magazine.—We cannot be reconciled to the preposterous fantasy of dialogues with Julius Caesar, Dr. Johnson, King Francis I., the Chevalier Bayard, Heine, and other "Immortals," who waylay Mr. Chard, his wife and mothers-in-law, in walks around their villa near Sorrento. Mr. F. Marion Crawford, the author of this bewildering series of conversations, fails to perceive that the topics and ideas of current ethical discussion in our own age could not possibly be rendered intelligible to the most powerful minds brought up in the moral and intellectual habits of two thousand, or three or four hundred, or even one hundred years ago. "Milner's Mistake" is the first part of a light and pleasant love-story by Mr. F. Anstey. The prospects of a new overland route of travel and traffic to the East, by the opening of the railway to Salonica, superseding the Brindisi route, are set forth by Mr. Theodore Bent. An interesting passage in our naval wars of the last century is the capture of H.M.S. Ardent by inadvertently sailing into the midst of the combined French and Spanish fleet.

Murray's Magazine.—The experiences and private sentiments of Major Lawrence in regarding the married life of his old love, Lady Eleanor, with her egotistical and affected husband, Mr. Cather, are tediously as well as dangerously protracted in Miss Lawless's story. Mr. W. E. Forster in 1882, when he was Chief Secretary for Ireland, won admiration by his courageous attitude in face of the murderous conspirators and perpetrators of agrarian outrages at Tullamore; Captain Ross, of Bladensburg, has written his personal reminiscences of that affair. The Bishop of Carlisle reviews the extension and consolidation of the Church of England over the British Empire.

Longman's Magazine.—The concluding chapters of "Allan Quartermain," and of "Thraldom," require no comment here. Mr. W. Clark Russell's "Mystery of the Ocean Star" is an interesting little story of the sea. Dr. B. W. Richardson, in his account of the fancied city of Toxicopolis, draws a terrible picture of the accumulated miseries and vices resulting from the abuse of alcoholic drinks. The unfair treatment of female labour in the dress-making, millinery, and similar manufactures is exposed by Miss Clementina Black. A story called "One Traveller Returns" is commenced jointly by Mr. David Christie Murray and Mr. Henry Herman. It is intensely mystical: the spirit of Queen Vreda, who was poisoned by the arch-Druid Wenegog and his daughter, Barxelhold, that King Feltor might espouse the wicked Barxelhold, returns after two years to this mortal world. But can these names belong to people of Gaul, in the fourth century of the Christian era?

[We are, compelled, by want of space, to defer till next week our notices of the other Magazines for August, and of the leading "Reviews."]

FOREIGN NEWS.

General Boulanger has challenged M. Jules Ferry to a duel for calling him, in a recent speech, a "St. Arnaud of the music-halls." M. Ferry has accepted the challenge; but their representatives have held three conferences without being able to agree upon the conditions for a duel between their principals.

The death of Signor Depretis, the Italian Prime Minister, on Friday evening last week, removes one of the very few living landmarks of his country's history. He died at Stradella, a little town on the railway from Alessandria to Piacenza. Signor Depretis is to be buried at the expense of the State. The Cabinet, in accordance with precedent, tendered their resignation to King Humbert, who, however, commanded them to remain in office, and requested Signor Crespi to undertake the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for the present.

Queen Christina, with the infant King, the Princesses, and the Infanta Isabel, drove last Saturday afternoon to the historic city of Segovia.

The Belgian Chamber has rejected by 83 to 35 votes a motion for the extension of the franchise.

The Emperor William continues to enjoy excellent health. His Majesty has bestowed the Cross of the Grand Commandership of the Order of the Royal House of Hohenzollern on the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria.—The great Academical Art Exhibition was formally opened at Berlin on Sunday by Dr. Von Gossler, Minister of Public Instruction. The exhibition, which is for works of living German and foreign artists, contains 970 oil-paintings, thirty-nine pen-and-ink sketches, 132 water-colours, and 147 works of sculpture.

The Emperor Francis Joseph arrived at Munich on Tuesday and was received by the Prince Regent, and Prince Leopold and the Archduchess Gisella. His Majesty proceeded next day to Kreuth. The Empress arrived at Munich on Monday morning, and continued her journey to Kreuth. The Imperial Opera at Vienna was reopened on Monday after the usual summer vacation.

The King of the Hellenes arrived at Copenhagen last Saturday morning, and was received by the King and Queen and the members of the Royal family. His Majesty proceeded immediately to the Castle of Bernstorff.

Lieutenant-General Count Mussin-Pushkin, commander of the Fifth Army Corps, has been appointed deputy to General Gourko, Governor-General of Warsaw.—M. Katkoff, for many years the editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, died on Monday, at his country seat near Moscow. He was sixty-nine years of age.

News of Monday's date, from St. Paul de Loanda gives no confirmation of the alleged death of Mr. H. M. Stanley.

The Hon. Duncan Gillies the Premier and Colonial Treasurer of Victoria, Australia, made his Budget statement in the Legislative Assembly last week. He began by congratulating the colony on the satisfactory state of its finances. Passing on to the figures of the Budget, Mr. Gillies stated that the balance in the Treasury at the beginning of the last financial year amounted to £431,000. The revenue for the past year had amounted to £6,733,000, and the balance to this year was £499,000. The Treasurer estimated the revenue for the coming year at £6,906,000, and the expenditure at £7,444,000. He expected to have a balance in June, 1888, of £104,000. Mr. Gillies then announced that the Government proposed to raise the duty on imported cane sugar to 3s. 6d. per cwt., and that on beet sugar to 6s. per cwt. The duties on dressed timbers would also be increased.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Experience has surely taught the Messrs. Gatti exactly the kind of entertainment that their patrons demand. The record of the last few years at this essentially popular playhouse shows a continual round of unbroken success. Thanks to the encouragement of a spirited and hearty style of acting, to the selection of a capable company of actors, and to a liberal expenditure of money on the most beautiful stage-pictures that modern scenic art can produce, these discriminating managers have been able to run plays longer and to do better business than any other theatre of the same class in London. But this much also must be put to the credit of the management: gradually and silently they have been pushing on to a better class of drama. Without suddenly breaking away from the popular form of melodrama, they have steadily encouraged such authors who write for them to lead gently up to romantic drama, as contrasted with the plays of humble life and of squalid interest that have hitherto proved so acceptable. The Adelphi is not, and never has been, the home of the realistic drama. Imagination and a rough form of chivalrous emotion have never been neglected here, and the success of "The Bells of Haslemere" shows clearly enough that there is a disposition to welcome a revival in character of such purely romantic subjects as formed the bases of "The Flowers of the Forest," "The Green Bushes," "The Wreck Ashore," and suchlike works. Mr. Henry Pettitt and Mr. Sydney Grundy have been careful not to be too violent in their reform. They have to consider the fact that they have for their leading actor Mr. William Terriss, whose mere popularity would make him hungry for distinction in "Hamlet," "Othello," or "Claude." So, without suddenly flying off at a tangent and attaching themselves to the school of Bulwer Lytton or Sheridan Knowles, for the sake of gratifying the very natural ambition of their melodramatic hero, they cleverly contrive to attach to their homely story certain scenes that, in their elaboration and intensity, can call out more acting strength than can be provided in mere pictorial drama. It has been objected that there are certain passages in "The Bells of Haslemere" that have a conventional ring about them; that they, or something very like them, have been heard before; and, indeed, so curiously critical has the first-night public become, that the pit of modern days provides a well-informed flegman who, as the play proceeds, calls out parallel passages which, at the moment, he believes he can detect after a long apprenticeship at playgoing. But, after all, "The Bells of Haslemere" only resembles its predecessors in that it accentuates noble and not ignoble sentiment, that it shows men and women as they might be rather than as they are, that it holds up to public approval courage, endurance, manly endeavour, truth of purpose, and tried faith in man and woman, and, without any unnecessary preaching, teaches all a very salutary and homely lesson.

It would be a very unfortunate circumstance if we could not have at the other end of the Strand a strong antidote to the Lena Despard and Jack Fortinbras of to-day. There are many who take a delight in applauding the fatal cleverness of the modern woman in society, and who think it monstrously clever when a fashionable coward gets the better of some innocent dupe; but better by far for public example are a dozen "Bells of Haslemere," with its so-called clap-trap sentiment, than the bitter cynicism conveyed in the scenes of modern life that applaud unscrupulousness and endorse chicanery under the gauzy texture of a veil of satire.

The story of "The Bells of Haslemere" is virtually the life of Frank Beresford, a young and popular English Squire, who finds on the day he claims his inheritance that he is a beggar, in friendship, in patrimony, and in love. When he is on the high road to success the young Squire discovers that he is a ruined man, and must face the world and its trials in order to be worthy the woman he loves and that he may recover the good opinion of his friends. It is quite as true of life that an honest, good man is the victim of untoward fate as that an unscrupulous man or woman is favoured by circumstances. Frank Beresford, when turned out of his estates, is accused on tolerably substantial evidence of ruining an innocent girl, and on equally satisfactory rumour forfeits his good name. Armed with the unswerving faith of one good woman he goes to America to make his fortune or die in the struggle, and it is at the very moment that his purpose is the most genuine that the clouds that hang over his career are the darkest. Unable to prove his innocence on a charge of deliberate dishonesty, Frank Beresford has to escape from the fury of the men he is supposed to have cheated, and these scenes of escape through an American swamp form the most striking and certainly the most picturesque episodes of the new play. It cannot be said that the acts of "The Bells of Haslemere" are conventional that deal with certain pictures of American life and the hunting of the brave hero of the play through the dismal swamps that fringe the Mississippi river. All this is pure romance of an exciting kind, and modern melodrama has seldom given an actor a better chance than in his dogged fight with fate and his ultimate triumph over the passage of a "sea of trouble." By this time, no doubt, the obvious errors of the dramatist's treatment have been corrected. It is essential that after the long monologue of Mr. Terriss as a dying man in the lonely swamp that his rescue should be both dramatic and effective. The men on the raft dying of hunger and thirst in a recent Drury-Lane drama were pathetic enough, but it was the rescue that made the success of the scene. The actor can only work unaided up to a certain point. That rescuing steamer *must* be seen by the whole audience and its presence must be felt also, or the curtain will fall dull, instead of with a torrent of applause.

The difficulties of the last act are not so easily met; but authors of such experience as Mr. Pettitt and Mr. Grundy will doubtless be able to clear it of cobwebs, to rid it of unnecessary complicated detail, and to explain much that is superfluous and incomprehensible. When the end is clearly foreshadowed it cannot safely be delayed, and the obvious defect of the clever play as it stands is a last act so strikingly at variance with the rest that it destroys the value of much that has gone before. Mr. Terriss has the valuable gift of lifting a strong melodrama by means of personal energy and a buoyant style. If actors only knew the value of this art they would not so often let plays down as they do. Under-acting is so unfortunately prevalent, and the power of enlisting the sympathies of the audience so little understood, that we can afford to forgive a certain stilted determination to be effective for the sake of the bold way the play is carried on to success. For it must be remembered that an actor like Mr. Terriss not only puts life into his own part; he encourages his companions to do the same. A play can never drag very desperately when it has such a commander. A dull actor drags down the whole scheme of a play, the lively one lifts it up. There was no more artistic performance, quiet, composed, and effective, than one of the villains played by Mr. Cartwright. Here we had thought, an avoidance of all stagey treatment, and conspicuous intelligence. Miss Millward did all that could be done for the pretty heroine whose faith in the hero is so well rewarded; but Miss Helen Forsyth, as the Circean Irish girl who woos the wandering Ulysses, either

mistook the acoustic properties of the large house or had not scope enough for showing the audience what might be made of a very pretty part. Probably the authors were frightened to give their second heroine too much to do. The part was certainly stronger in suggestion than in fact; but, for all that, the actress did not do all that might be done with it. Mr. Beveridge, Mr. E. W. Garden, and Miss Clara Jecks are always safe, and are deservedly popular with audiences at the Adelphi, where they have done so much good work. Mr. Sidney has placed the drama on the stage faultlessly, and more beautiful scenery has never been seen at the Adelphi. Some of Mr. Bruce Smith's landscapes are so beautiful that it seems a shame only to show them for a few seconds.

Madame Sara Bernhardt has departed, confirming the good impression she made at the outset. Although by performing so often she obviously overtaxed her strength; though more than once her lovely voice failed her, and showed evident traces of fatigue, still the French play season will be memorable for her matchless performance in "Théodora," "La Dame aux Camélias," and "Adrienne Lécouvreur"—a part she has now abandoned for ever. If only the actresses of to-day could have seen more of Madame Bernhardt they might have cleared their minds of the false impression that even genius can stand irrespective of cultivation, study, and art. Those liquid notes, that wonderful fire, the winning manner of the pathos, and the fire of tragedy are helped by genius, but made certain by art. Why do not our clever actresses study more and assume less? The instant they make a success they consider they have no more to learn, whereas, at that very moment, they should believe they are in the infancy of their art. Study, study, study should be the watchword of every actress, for without it success is ephemeral indeed. C. S.

THE JUBILEE PRESENTS TO THE QUEEN.

The costly and beautiful gifts presented to her Majesty during the Jubilee celebrations have, with a few exceptions, been deposited in the Throne-room at Windsor Castle, a fitting receptacle for the many souvenirs of loyalty and affection that have been so freely contributed by all classes of the Queen's subjects upon her attainment of the fiftieth year of her reign. The collection, which, apart from its great value, is naturally interesting, owing to the variety of the presents, some of which have been sent from the most remote places in the British Empire, makes a magnificent display in the apartment, which, as its name implies, is one of the most important in the palace.

It is situated on the north terrace, next to the Waterloo-chamber, and its windows, overlooking "the Slopes" and Home Park, command charming views of the scenery in the Thames Valley. The walls are panelled with purple velvet, embossed with stars and garters, and the rich gilt furniture is upholstered with similarly ornamental material, the carpet matching in colour and design the rest of the decorations. Over the doors and elsewhere are some fine specimens of wood-carving. Full-length portraits of the Queen, the Prince Consort, George III., George IV., and William IV. hang upon the walls, and the elegant console-tables near the windows bear white marble busts of Prince Albert, Napoleon III., and King Victor Emanuel. The throne, a beautifully carved ivory chair, fitted with green velvet cushions, stands raised upon a dais, under a canopy, at the west end, and near it, on the south wall, is a grand picture of the first installation of the Order of the Garter. The apartment can be lighted at night by several crystal drop chandeliers depending from the ceiling.

The majority of the presents are carefully arranged upon two tables running nearly the whole length of the room, while the bulkier articles are disposed upon the carpeted floor. Foremost among the rare and valuable gifts at the east end of the table nearest the windows is the present contributed by the immediate members of her Majesty's family. It is a magnificent heraldic silver plateau, richly gilt in places, and very elegantly chased and engraved. The central ornament is a vase of unique design, embossed with gold medallion portraits of the Queen-Empress and coats of arms, and engraved with the names of the Princes and Princesses, the top being surmounted by a Royal crown. On one side there is a figure of a lion, and on the other that of a jewelled unicorn, and around the base is the following dedicatory inscription:—"To our beloved mother and grandmother, Queen Victoria, in remembrance of the fiftieth anniversary of her reign. From her children and grandchildren." The present was accompanied by a portfolio containing the autographs of the donors.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

A distinguished congregation assembled on Thursday week at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, to witness the marriage of Mr. Douglas Brooke, eldest son of Sir Victor Brooke, to Miss Batson. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Batson, Scots Guards, wore a costume of white moire and satin stripe, elaborately decorated with pearl embroidery and white jet; tulle veil, and diamond and pearl ornaments. The bridesmaids were Lady Elizabeth Egerton, Miss Corry, Miss Miles, Miss Mary Miles, Miss Jolliffe, and Miss Mulholland. Mr. Rogers, Royal Dragoons, acted as best man.

The marriage of Mr. Frederick W. Ramsden, Coldstream Guards, son of Mr. John C. Ramsden, formerly of Oxtow Hall, Tadcaster, and Lady Maud Conyngham, fourth daughter of the late Marquis Conyngham, took place last Saturday afternoon, in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The Hon. W. Lambton, Coldstream Guards, attended the bridegroom as best man; and the six bridesmaids were—the Hon. Blanche Conyngham, sister of the bride, Lady Lily Miles, the Hon. Agneta Astley, the Hon. Blanche Fitzroy, the Hon. Violet Monckton, and the Hon. Elizabeth Blake. The bride arrived at the church soon after half-past two o'clock, accompanied by her mother, the Dowager Marchioness Conyngham, who gave her away. The service was choral.

The marriage of Mr. John Talbot, eldest son of Mr. Talbot, of Rhode Hill, Devon, and Miss De Stacpoole, only daughter of the Duke De Stacpoole, took place on Tuesday at the Oratory, Brompton. Mr. Lindsay was the bridegroom's best man. Miss Talbot, Miss L. Talbot, Miss Dunn, and Miss Dorehill were the bridesmaids. The bride was given away by the Marquis De Stacpoole, her brother.

Mr. B. W. Currie, Vice-President of the Council of India, presiding at the distribution of prizes to the students of the Royal Indian Engineering College, Cooper's-hill, said he intended giving £1000 stock in the 3½ per Cents. to found a scholarship to be called the Vice-President's Scholarship.

Lord Morley presided on Thursday week over a complimentary dinner given at Plymouth to Sir Massey Lopes on his retirement from public life, after thirty years of Parliamentary service. The proceedings included the presentation to Sir Massey of a silver candelabrum and side-lights, purchased at a cost of £650, and a handsomely-illuminated book containing the names of 1200 subscribers, including many Liberals as well as Conservatives.

THE COURT.

The Queen is at Osborne, in the enjoyment of excellent health, driving nearly every day. On hot days her Majesty breakfasts and works in tents placed under the trees near the terrace. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne visited her Majesty and remained to luncheon on Wednesday week. The Grand Duke of Hesse took leave of her Majesty, and embarked on board the Royal yacht *Alberta*, proceeding to Portsmouth on his return to Germany. He was accompanied to Portsmouth by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, and Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse, who afterwards returned to Osborne. Accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, Princess Christian, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Queen visited Ryde on Thursday afternoon, and was enthusiastically received. Addresses of congratulation on the Jubilee from the Mayor and Corporation and the Royal Victoria Yacht Club were presented, to which her Majesty returned gracious replies. Amid ringing cheers, a Royal salute, and the playing of the National Anthem, the Queen drove away, after making a halt to listen to the singing of "God Save the Queen" by some thousands of children. Later on the town was illuminated, and there was also a masquerade procession by torch-light. On Friday week the Queen received a deputation from the Ordnance Survey Department, headed by Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, who presented to her Majesty a memorial book containing the history of Survey during the past fifty years, which has been compiled and executed by the military and civil employés of the department. Last Saturday evening the Queen and several members of the Royal family visited Cowes, where her Majesty was presented by the local authorities with an address of congratulation on her Jubilee. Another address was presented by the Prince of Wales on behalf of the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which he is Commodore. The Queen and the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Beatrice, and their Grand Ducal Highnesses Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse, attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning. The Rev. Arthur Peile, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and Vicar of Holy Trinity, Ventnor, officiated and administered the sacrament of the Holy Communion. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Prince Arthur and Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia of Connaught, took leave of her Majesty on Monday, and left Osborne for Buckingham Palace. The Crown Prince of Germany visited her Majesty. On Tuesday the Queen held an investiture of the Orders of the Bath and St. Michael and St. George. Her Majesty was accompanied by the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse. The Queen has received with much concern the news of the death of Miss Marianne Skeritt, who died on July 29, in her ninety-fourth year. She had been for many years in her Majesty's service, from which she retired in 1861. She was much beloved and respected by the Queen and all her Majesty's children, whom she had known from their birth.

The Princess of Wales and the three Princesses left Victoria Station on Thursday week by special train at 3.55 p.m. for Portsmouth. The Prince of Wales and Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales joined the train at Chichester, which was reached at 5.30 p.m. The Prince, with his two sons, and attended by Admiral the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, inspected the Duke of Wellington flag-ship; the old Victory, flag-ship of Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar; and the St. Vincent, training-ship for boys. The Prince arrived in Cowes yesterday week on board the Royal yacht *Osborne* for his customary stay during the regatta week. H.M.S. *Valorous*, which is acting as guard-ship while her Majesty is in residence at Osborne, saluted the Prince, and the numerous yachts anchored in the roads hoisted colours until the Royal yacht moored at the buoys. Prior to proceeding to Goodwood, the Prince paid a visit to the Portsmouth Sailors' Home. His Royal Highness inspected the Jubilee wing, the cost of which has been borne by officers and men of the Royal Navy and the relatives of former officers and others, and expressed himself highly pleased with the additional accommodation provided for the seamen and marines, as also with the general condition of the institution. On Monday the Prince and Princess, Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales, the young Princesses, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught witnessed experiments with Mr. W. Jackson's improved life-saving floating fabric. Several successful trials were made. According to present arrangements the Prince and Princess will extend their visit to Cowes until the 10th inst., when they return to Marlborough House. The Prince is expected to leave a few days later for the Continent, and will stay some time at Homburg.

The Empress of Austria left Cromer yesterday week for Harwich, where she embarked in the Harwich-Antwerp steamer *Cambridge*, for Cowes, on a visit to the Queen. The Empress left Cowes on Saturday, after lunching with the Queen, in the Great Eastern Railway Company's steamer for Flushing en route to Kreuth, in Bavaria.—The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Portugal have been travelling in Scotland as the Count and Countess of Bascellos.—The Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt has arrived home from his visit to England to attend the Jubilee festivities.—The Duke of Edinburgh now stands first on the Vice-Admiral's list for promotion to the rank of Admiral, in consequence of the advancement of Vice-Admiral W. Gore Jones.—The Duke of Cambridge, last week, unveiled a statue of the Queen at Reading, which had been subscribed for out of the Jubilee Fund.—Princess Mary Adelaide, who was accompanied by the Duke of Teck, the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Princess Victoria and Prince Adolphus of Teck, attended the dedication service, conducted by the Bishop of Winchester, last week, of the new church for the use of the children of the Princess Mary Village Homes at Addlestone.—The Duchess of Albany visited Leatherhead on Thursday week, and distributed the prizes at the St. John's Foundation School for the Sons of the Poor Clergy.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, accompanied by their two eldest children, left Charing-cross on Wednesday morning for Aix-les-Bains. There were a number of personal friends of their Royal Highnesses on the platform, among them being the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Princess Victoria of Teck, Sir Howard Elphinstone, Major Mackenzie, Colonel Larcom, and others. Miss Mackenzie presented the Duchess of Connaught with a bouquet and a basket of grapes. The Duke will leave Brindisi on the 21st inst. for India, and the Duchess will follow later.

Mr. Edgar Vincent, Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, has been made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Her Majesty has declined to accept Lord Charles Beresford's resignation as Junior Sea Lord of the Admiralty, which was tendered on account of a technical breach of discipline committed by him on the Victoria and Albert during the naval review.

Prince Louis of Battenberg succeeds the Hon. Maurice A. Bourke as Commander of her Majesty's ship *Dreadnought*, on the Mediterranean station.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.



ON THE BRIDGE OF THE ROYAL YACHT VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

SKETCHED ON BOARD BY PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY.

QUEEN'S JUBILEE HONOURS.

Her Majesty, upon the occasion of the Jubilee year of her reign, has conferred the rank of baronetcy on an eminent member of the medical profession in Ireland, Dr. John Thomas Banks, M.D., of Dublin. We give the portrait of Sir J. T. Banks, from a photograph by Messrs. Werner and Son, of Grafton-street, Dublin. The rank of Knight-Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George has been conferred on Dr. James Alexander Grant, M.D., of Ottawa, in Canada. Dr. Grant was born in Inverness-shire, Scotland, in 1830; received his medical degree in 1854; and became F.R.S.C. (Edinburgh). In 1867 he entered the Canadian Parliament; in the next year he was made President of the Medical Council of Ontario, and in 1872 of the Canadian Medical Association. Ten years later, Dr. Grant was admitted into the fellowship of the Royal College of Physicians in London.

Sir Thomas Storey, whose portrait we also publish this week, is now Mayor of Lancaster, this being his fourth term of that office. He is a manufacturer of great eminence, and a very large employer of labour, having large iron and coal mines and works in the Furness and Wigan districts, and in North Wales. His chief business, however, is the manufacturing of leather, cloths, ducks, oil-cloth baizes, and stair-cloths. He is one who has made his own position in the world, having been left fatherless and poor when only twelve years of age. In 1880 he came forward as a Liberal candidate for the north division of the county of Lancashire. He is presenting to the town of Lancaster, in commemoration of the Jubilee of her Majesty's reign, a School of Art and Art Gallery. He is also known to be a liberal donor and patron to many institutions of Lancaster and neighbourhood. Sir Thomas Storey received his distinction of knighthood from her Majesty on the celebration of her Jubilee. The portrait of Sir T. Storey is from a photograph by Messrs. Pandolfini and Fawcett, of Lancaster.

THE WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

We present, according to custom, the Portrait of the winner of the Queen's Prize at the recent meeting of the National Rifle Association on Wimbledon-common. He is Lieutenant R. O. Warren, of the 1st Middlesex Rifle Volunteers (the Victoria Rifles), and is a solicitor practising in London. The portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons.

The "Victorias" are the oldest Volunteer corps in the United Kingdom, except the Honourable Artillery Company. They were the first metropolitan corps armed and equipped for the defence of England in 1803 against the threatened French invasion, being then called "the Duke of Cumberland's Sharpshooters." At the close of the war, when other Volunteer regiments were disbanded, they continued to exist as a Rifle Club, and took the name of Victoria in 1835, two years before her Majesty succeeded to the Throne. In 1852, application was made for formal re-enrolment, and the corps was gazetted in August, 1853, as "The Victoria Rifles," under the command of the Duke of Wellington. When, in 1859, the Volunteer force became general, the rules of the "Victorias" were taken as the basis on which most of the newly-formed regiments were organised; and large numbers of the members were drawn away to provide officers for other corps. It was at this period that the "Victorias" were granted the additional title of the 1st Middlesex Rifle Volunteers. In 1861, a few of the leading members obtained permission to set up a tent on Wimbledon-common during the first competition of the National Rifle Association. Next year other corps began to follow their example, and in process of time, from this beginning, the Wimbledon Camp became what it now is. The "Victorias" are joined in their encampment every year by the Oxford and Cambridge University Volunteers; indeed, a large proportion of their recruits has usually been drawn from the ranks of the University and the Public Schools Cadet Corps.

THE LATE MR. HENRY MAYHEW.

Mr. Henry Mayhew, who died in his seventy-fifth year on the 25th ult., was one of five brothers, who all made their mark in literature. Thomas, the eldest, through his weekly journal the *Poor Man's Guardian*, was the pioneer of the penny press. Edward was the author of several standard veterinary treatises, notably those on "The Dog" and "The Diseases of the Horse." Horace was the writer of nothing more substantial in book form than "Change for a Shilling," and "Letters Left at the Pastrycook's"; but having settled himself on the staff of *Punch*, after Henry left it, he achieved a literary reputation in London. Augustus, who wrote with Henry, as one of the "Brothers Mayhew," was the author of more considerable works. But all of them being dead, except Henry, who in his later years moved in a rather small circle, it was but natural that the world should regard the literary Mayhews as extinct. If the author of "London Labour and the London Poor" had died earlier, many people would have been present at his funeral in Kensal-green Cemetery on Saturday last. As it was, those for whose cause he had valiantly contended seem to have forgotten him. Henry Mayhew was born in the year 1812. He was educated at Westminster School. The remarkable reason of his leaving it is dramatically and, at the same time, truthfully told in Forshall's "Westminster School, Past and Present." In consequence of this incident the schoolboy friendship of Gilbert A'Beckett and Henry Mayhew became, a very few years subsequently, cemented into a literary partnership. If, after their sudden vacation from Westminster, they had not walked to Edinburgh together, the *Thief*, produced in 1832 (the precursor of the present "Bits" class of paper), would never have seen the light. Nor should we have seen *Figaro in London* (1832), a weekly paper which, with the exception of illustrations, was almost identical with the first numbers of *Punch*. After the foundation of *Punch*, "Gil," as Henry Mayhew always called A'Beckett, dissolved partnership. The history of the foundation of *Punch* has given rise to much controversy. We are informed by Henry Mayhew's son that it was originally to have been called "Cupid"; and to this end Archibald Henning drew a front page of Lord Palmerston (his sobriquet was then "Cupid") perched on a sun-flower, à la John Reeve; that *Punch*, in fact, was started by Mayhew, Ebenezer Landells, and Joseph Last in partnership, with Henry Mayhew as editor; and that, when they sold the property to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, after they had paid the outstanding liabilities, they divided seven-and-sixpence between them! Mr. Henry Mayhew subsequently became widely known by his researches into the domestic and social condition of the London working classes, and of those suffering from poverty and destitution. He produced other works of some value; but Mr. Athol Mayhew, the son of Mr. Henry Mayhew, is at present engaged in writing the "Life and Times" of his father; and we may expect to be furnished with a connected account of the useful literary labours of this able and diligent man-of-letters, who is worthy of remembrance for the services he rendered to his age.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Bedford Lemere and Co.

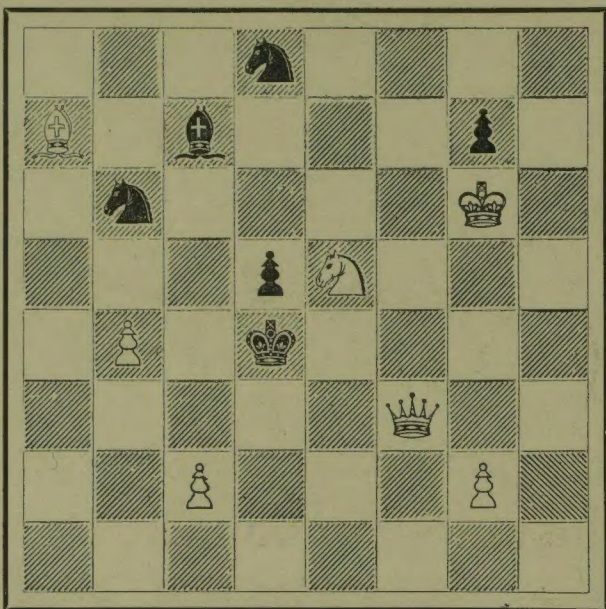
CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor. [Many Answers to Correspondents are unavoidably deferred.] PROBLEM No. 2259.—All our solvers, without exception, have completely missed the point of this fine problem. In their proposed solutions they have failed to discern all Black's resources for defence, and have consequently made matters too easy for White. We commend the problem to their further consideration.

PROBLEM No. 2261.

By E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

MASTERS' TOURNAMENT AT FRANKFORT.

We continue our daily record of the score in this important and interesting tournament. Our last report recorded the score of each competitor at the conclusion of the twelfth round, with two unfinished games between Messrs. Gunsberg and Zukertort in the eighth round, and Messrs. Schiffers and Tarrasch in the twelfth. The game between the first-named pair was drawn, and the other resulted in a victory for Dr. Tarrasch. Appended is the daily score:—

THIRTEENTH ROUND.				Noa 1 .. Schallop 0	Scheve 0 .. Mackenzie 1	
Bardeleben .. 1 .. Paulsen 0	Blackburne .. 1 .. Berger 1	Schiffers .. 0 .. Paulsen 1	Taubenhaus .. 0 .. Harmonist .. 1	Weiss 1 .. Alapin 1	Blackburne, a bye.	
Burn 1 .. Taubenhaus .. 0	Fritz 1 .. Mackenzie .. 0	EIGHTEENTH ROUND.				
Gunsberg .. 1 .. Alapin 0	Metzer 0 .. Tarrasch .. 1	Alapin 1 .. Scheve 1	Bardeleben .. 1 .. Fritz 1	Berger 1 .. Weiss 1	Englisch .. 0 .. Schiffers 1	
Noa 1 .. Gottschall .. 0	Scheve 1 .. Zukertort .. 0	Harmonist .. 0 .. Gottschall .. 1	Mackenzie .. 0 .. Noa 1	Paulsen .. 0 .. Metzer 1	Schallop .. 1 .. Burn 0	
Scheve 1 .. Zukertort .. 0	Schiffers .. 1 .. Schallop .. 0	Englisch .. 0 .. Schiffers 1	Harmonist .. 0 .. Gottschall .. 1	Mackenzie .. 0 .. Noa 1	Paulsen .. 0 .. Metzer 1	
Weiss 1 .. Harmonist .. 0	Englisch, a bye.	NINETEENTH ROUND.				
FOURTEENTH ROUND.				Burn 0 .. Mackenzie .. 1	Fritz 1 .. Blackburne .. 1	
Alapin 1 .. Fritz 0	Berger 1 .. Gunsberg .. 0	Metzer 1 .. Englisch .. 1	Noa 1 .. Alapin 1	Schiffers .. 1 .. Bardeleben .. 1	Taubenhaus .. 0 .. Schallop .. 1	
Berger 1 .. Gunsberg .. 0	Englisch .. 1 .. Bardeleben .. 0	Scheve 1 .. Berger 1	Taubenhaus .. 0 .. Schallop .. 1	Weiss 1 .. Paulsen .. 0	Zukertort .. 1 .. Harmonist .. 0	
Gottschall .. 1 .. Burn 0	Harmonist .. 1 .. Scheve 1	TWENTIETH ROUND.				
Harmonist .. 1 .. Scheve 1	Mackenzie .. 1 .. Schiffers .. 0	Alapin 1 .. Burn 0	Bardeleben .. 1 .. Metzer 1	Berger 1 .. Noa 0	Blackburne .. 1 .. Schiffers .. 1	
Mackenzie .. 1 .. Schiffers .. 0	Paulsen .. 1 .. Blackburne .. 0	Taubenhaus .. 1 .. Metzer 0	Schallop .. 1 .. Gottschall .. 1	Tarrasch .. 1 .. Zukertort .. 0	Harmonist, a bye.	
Schallop .. 1 .. Metzer 0	Tarrasch .. 0 .. Weiss 1	Blackburne .. 1 .. Schiffers .. 1	Englisch .. 1 .. Weiss 1	Gunsberg .. 1 .. Fritz 0	Mackenzie .. 1 .. Taubenhaus .. 0	
Zukertort .. 0 .. Noa 1	Taubenhaus, a bye.	Scheve 1 .. Alapin 1	Schiffers .. 1 .. Bardeleben .. 1	Taubenhaus .. 0 .. Schallop .. 1	Weiss 1 .. Paulsen .. 0	
FIFTEENTH ROUND.				Zukertort .. 1 .. Harmonist .. 0	Gunsberg, a bye.	
Blackburne .. 1 .. Englisch .. 0	Burn 1 .. Zukertort .. 0	Alapin 1 .. Burn 0	Bardeleben .. 1 .. Metzer 1	Berger 1 .. Noa 0	Blackburne .. 1 .. Schiffers .. 1	
Burn 1 .. Zukertort .. 0	Fritz 0 .. Berger 1	Gunsberg .. 0 .. Paulsen .. 1	Metzer 1 .. Harmonist .. 0	Scheve 0 .. Tarrasch .. 1	Schiffers .. 1 .. Alapin 1	
Fritz 0 .. Berger 1	Gunsberg .. 0 .. Paulsen .. 1	Schallop .. 1 .. Scheve 1	Tarrasch .. 1 .. Noa 0	Zukertort .. 1 .. Taubenhaus .. 0	Gottschall, a bye.	
Gunsberg .. 0 .. Paulsen .. 1	Metzer 0 .. Mackenzie .. 1	Noa 1 .. Harmonist .. 0	Scheve 0 .. Tarrasch .. 1	Schiffers .. 1 .. Alapin 1	Taubenhaus .. 1 .. Gottschall .. 1	
Metzer 0 .. Mackenzie .. 1	Noa 1 .. Harmonist .. 0	Scheve 0 .. Tarrasch .. 1	Schiffers .. 1 .. Alapin 1	Taubenhaus .. 1 .. Gottschall .. 1	Weiss 1 .. Paulsen .. 0	
Scheve 0 .. Tarrasch .. 1	Schiffers .. 1 .. Alapin 1	Taubenhaus .. 1 .. Gottschall .. 1	Weiss 1 .. Paulsen .. 0	Zukertort .. 1 .. Harmonist .. 0	Gunsberg, a bye.	
Schiffers .. 1 .. Alapin 1	Taubenhaus .. 1 .. Gottschall .. 1	Weiss 1 .. Paulsen .. 0	Zukertort .. 1 .. Harmonist .. 0	Gunsberg, a bye.	TWENTY-FIRST AND FINAL ROUND.	
Taubenhaus .. 1 .. Gottschall .. 1	Weiss 1 .. Paulsen .. 0	Zukertort .. 1 .. Harmonist .. 0	Gunsberg, a bye.	TWENTY-FIRST AND FINAL ROUND.		
Weiss 1 .. Paulsen .. 0	Zukertort .. 1 .. Harmonist .. 0	Gunsberg, a bye.	TWENTY-FIRST AND FINAL ROUND.			
Zukertort .. 1 .. Harmonist .. 0	Gunsberg, a bye.	TWENTY-FIRST AND FINAL ROUND.				
SIXTEENTH ROUND.				Alapin 1 .. Burn 0	Bardeleben .. 1 .. Metzer 1	
Alapin 0 .. Metzer 1	Bardeleben .. 1 .. Blackburne .. 0	Berger 1 .. Noa 0	Blackburne .. 1 .. Schiffers .. 1	Englisch .. 1 .. Weiss 1	Gunsberg .. 1 .. Fritz 0	
Bardeleben .. 1 .. Blackburne .. 0	Berger 1 .. Noa 0	Blackburne .. 1 .. Schiffers .. 1	Englisch .. 1 .. Weiss 1	Gunsberg .. 1 .. Fritz 0	Mackenzie .. 1 .. Taubenhaus .. 0	
Berger 1 .. Noa 0	Blackburne .. 1 .. Schiffers .. 1	Englisch .. 1 .. Weiss 1	Gunsberg .. 1 .. Fritz 0	Mackenzie .. 1 .. Taubenhaus .. 0	Schallop .. 1 .. Scheve 1	
Englisch .. 1 .. Weiss 1	Gunsberg .. 1 .. Fritz 0	Mackenzie .. 1 .. Taubenhaus .. 0	Schallop .. 1 .. Scheve 1	Tarrasch .. 1 .. Zukertort .. 0	Harmonist, a bye.	
Harmonist .. 0 .. Burn 1	Mackenzie .. 1 .. Weiss 1	Paulsen .. 1 .. Fritz 0	Schallop .. 1 .. Gottschall .. 1	Tarrasch .. 1 .. Zukertort .. 0	Harmonist, a bye.	
Mackenzie .. 1 .. Weiss 1	Paulsen .. 1 .. Fritz 0	Schallop .. 1 .. Gottschall .. 1	Tarrasch .. 1 .. Zukertort .. 0	Harmonist, a bye.	TWENTY-FIRST AND FINAL ROUND.	
Paulsen .. 1 .. Fritz 0	Schallop .. 1 .. Gottschall .. 1	Tarrasch .. 1 .. Zukertort .. 0	Harmonist, a bye.	TWENTY-FIRST AND FINAL ROUND.		
Schallop .. 1 .. Gottschall .. 1	Tarrasch .. 1 .. Zukertort .. 0	Harmonist, a bye.	TWENTY-FIRST AND FINAL ROUND.			
Taubenhaus .. 1 .. Gottschall .. 1	Weiss 1 .. Paulsen .. 0	Zukertort .. 1 .. Harmonist .. 0	Gunsberg, a bye.	TWENTY-FIRST AND FINAL ROUND.		
Weiss 1 .. Paulsen .. 0	Zukertort .. 1 .. Harmonist .. 0	Gunsberg, a bye.	TWENTY-FIRST AND FINAL ROUND.			
Zukertort .. 1 .. Harmonist .. 0	Gunsberg, a bye.	TWENTY-FIRST AND FINAL ROUND.				
SEVENTEENTH ROUND.				Burn 0 .. Berger 1	Gottschall .. 0 .. Mackenzie .. 1	
Burns 1 .. Tarrasch .. 0	Fritz 1 .. Englisch .. 0	Gottschall .. 0 .. Mackenzie .. 1	Harmonist .. 0 .. Tarrasch .. 1	Metzer 1 .. Blackburne .. 1	Noa 0 .. Paulsen .. 1	
Fritz 1 .. Englisch .. 0	Gottschall .. 0 .. Zukertort .. 1	Metzer 1 .. Blackburne .. 1	Noa 0 .. Paulsen .. 1	Scheve 0 .. Englisch .. 1	Schiffers .. 1 .. Gunsberg .. 0	
Gottschall .. 0 .. Zukertort .. 1	Gunsberg .. 1 .. Bardeleben .. 1	Schiffers .. 1 .. Gunsberg .. 0	Scheve 0 .. Englisch .. 1	Schiffers .. 1 .. Gunsberg .. 0	Taubenhaus .. 0 .. Alapin .. 1	
Gunsberg .. 1 .. Bardeleben .. 1	Metzer 1 .. Blackburne .. 1	Noa 0 .. Paulsen .. 1	Scheve 0 .. Englisch .. 1	Schiffers .. 1 .. Gunsberg .. 0	Taubenhaus .. 0 .. Alapin .. 1	
Metzer 1 .. Blackburne .. 1	Noa 0 .. Paulsen .. 1	Scheve 0 .. Englisch .. 1	Schiffers .. 1 .. Gunsberg .. 0	Taubenhaus .. 0 .. Alapin .. 1	Weiss 1 .. Bardeleben .. 1	
Noa 0 .. Paulsen .. 1	Scheve 0 .. Englisch .. 1	Schiffers .. 1 .. Gunsberg .. 0	Taubenhaus .. 0 .. Alapin .. 1	Weiss 1 .. Bardeleben .. 1	Zukertort .. 0 .. Schallop .. 1	
Scheve 0 .. Englisch .. 1	Schiffers .. 1 .. Gunsberg .. 0	Taubenhaus .. 0 .. Alapin .. 1	Weiss 1 .. Bardeleben .. 1	Zukertort .. 0 .. Schallop .. 1	Fritz, a bye.	
Schiffers .. 1 .. Gunsberg .. 0	Taubenhaus .. 0 .. Alapin .. 1	Weiss 1 .. Bardeleben .. 1	Zukertort .. 0 .. Schallop .. 1	Fritz, a bye.	The following is the score of the competitors at the conclusion of play Aug. 2. The reader will remember that as there are twenty-one competitors in this tournament, and that each had to play one game with every other the highest possible score is 20 :—	
Taubenhaus .. 0 .. Alapin .. 1	Weiss 1 .. Bardeleben .. 1	Zukertort .. 0 .. Schallop .. 1	Fritz, a bye.	The following is the score of the competitors at the conclusion of play Aug. 2. The reader will remember that as there are twenty-one competitors in this tournament, and that each had to play one game with every other the highest possible score is 20 :—		
Weiss 1 .. Bardeleben .. 1	Zukertort .. 0 .. Schallop .. 1	Fritz, a bye.	The following is the score of the competitors at the conclusion of play Aug. 2. The reader will remember that as there are twenty-one competitors in this tournament, and that each had to play one game with every other the highest possible score is 20 :—			
Zukertort .. 0 .. Schallop .. 1	Fritz, a bye.	The following is the score of the competitors at the conclusion of play Aug. 2. The reader will remember that as there are twenty-one competitors in this tournament, and that each had to play one game with every other the highest possible score is 20 :—				
Fritz, a bye.	The following is the score of the competitors at the conclusion of play Aug. 2. The reader will remember that as there are twenty-one competitors in this tournament, and that each had to play one game with every other the highest possible score is 20 :—					
Score.				Score.		
Alapin 9½	Metzer 8½	Bardeleben 13	Noa 9	Burn 11	Paulsen 11	
Bardeleben 13	Noa 9	Berger 12	Paulsen 11	Schallop 11	Scheve 8	
Berger 12	Paulsen 11	Blackburne 13½	Schallop 11	Schiffers 10	Fritz 12	
Burn 11	Schallop 11	Fritz 12	Scheve 8	Tarrasch 10	Gottschall 6½	
Englisch 11½	Schiffers 10	Gottschall 6	Tarrasch 10	Taubenhaus 6½	Weiss 13½	
Fritz 12	Tarrasch 10	Gottschall 6½	Taubenhaus 6½	Zukertort 13	Alapin 8½	
Gottschall 6½	Taubenhaus 6½	Gunsberg 8½	Weiss 13½	Zukertort 13	Alapin 8½	
Gunsberg 8½	Weiss 13½	Harmonist 5½	Zukertort 13	Alapin 8½		
Harmonist 5½	Zukertort 13	Mackenzie 15				
Mackenzie 15						

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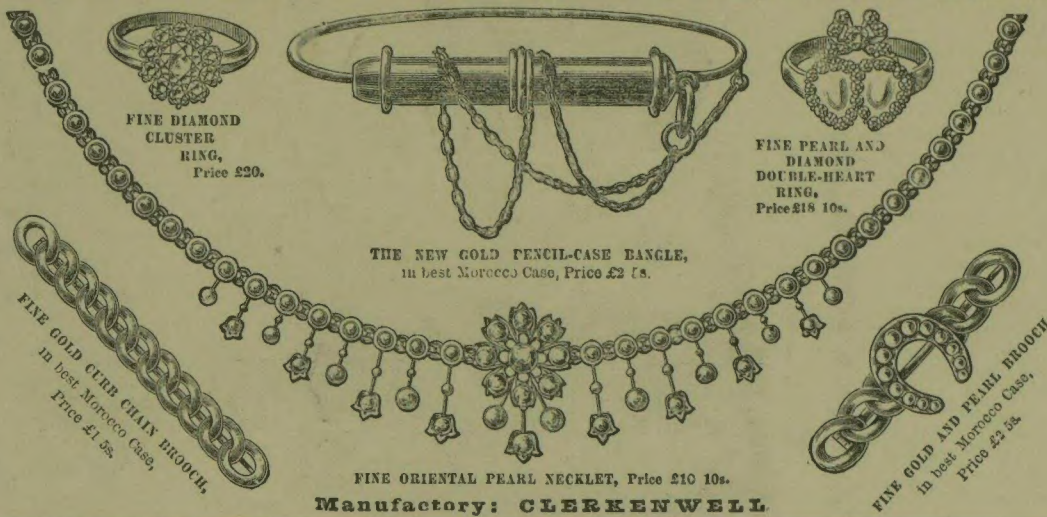
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DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.

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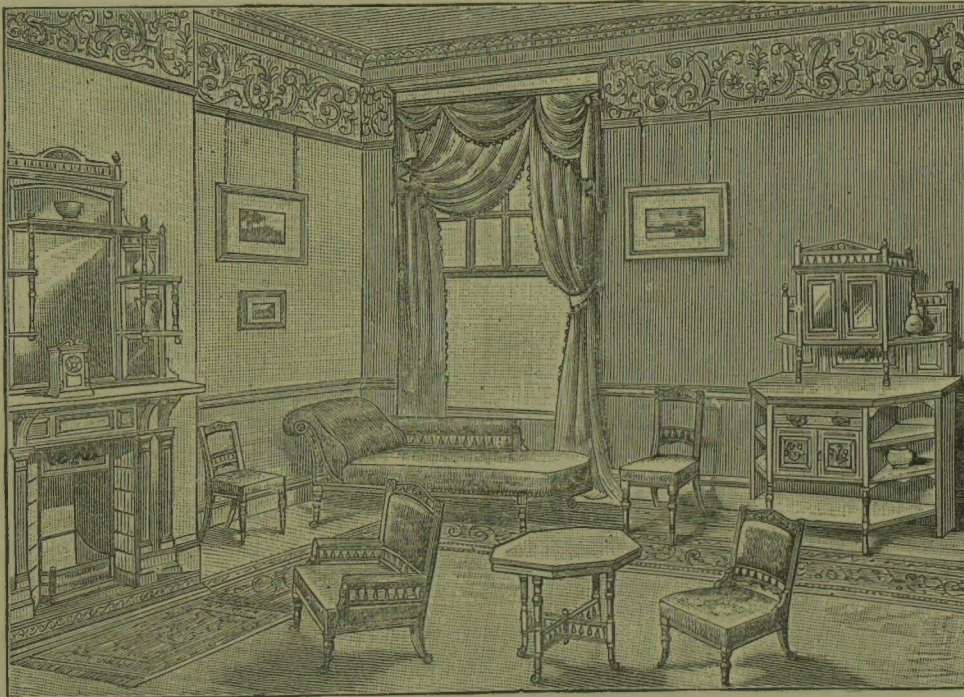
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MEETING OF THE SCOTTISH CHESS ASSOCIATION AT EDINBURGH.



1. View from Stratford, showing Relative Positions of Old Sarum and New Sarum.
2, 3. Ruins of Wardour Castle.

4. Bemerton—George Herbert's Church.
5. Anglo-Saxon Church, Bradford-on-Avon.

MEETING OF THE ROYAL ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE AT SALISBURY: PLACES VISITED.

ANTIQUITIES ROUND SALISBURY.

The visit of the Royal Archaeological Institute to Salisbury will be the occasion of visits to some of the neighbouring places which have interesting historical and antiquarian associations. We present Views of several places and old buildings, from drawings by Mr. Walter Botham, with the following brief account of them.

The first view to be noticed is that of Old Sarum, on the hill, two miles from Salisbury. Its huge coronal of earth-works is very conspicuous from the London and South-Western Railway. In the centre is the high site of the keep, defended by a ditch 150 ft. broad, the mound itself being 500 ft. across, and its full height 100 ft. The exterior defence of the whole inclosure, which exceeds twenty-seven acres, is formed by a huge rampart and fosse, the latter being 160 ft. deep from the rampart, and 150 ft. broad. Within the inclosure thus protected, the greatest diameter of which is 600 yds., stood the ancient city of Sarum. There were two entrances, strongly defended by earthworks. Without these gates there grew up what Leland calls "fair suburbs"; and when he visited the place there was yet a chapel standing. The Old Sarum of later days, which survived in politics, returning two members to Parliament, was really a suburb south-west of the fortress, a walled burgh. Nine plots of ground here were the burgh tenures which gave the right to vote, and on one of them, known as "Election Acre," traditionally the site of the last inhabited house, the "elections" were held. At the last census the "city" had only three dwellings.

Wardour Castle has been for centuries a seat of the great house of Arundel, and gives title to the Barons Arundel of Wardour. The modern house is a massive structure in the classical taste of the later years of the eighteenth century, and is chiefly interesting for its contents. The castle, ruined in the wars between Charles I. and the Parliament, noble in decay, is most noteworthy in its details. The park, densely wooded, and very beautiful, lies on the northern slopes of the valley of the Nadder, below the hills traversed by the main road from Salisbury to Shaftesbury. The castle was originally built by the Lovells, who forfeited the estates when the Yorkists won the day. It passed to the Arundels of Lanherne by purchase in 1547. Wardour has a prominent place in the records of the Civil War. Lady Blanche Arundel held it with a garrison of fifty men and women, against a force of 1300 men under Sir Edward Hungerford in 1643, and only capitulated on honourable terms after a continued assault of six days. The place was sacked and spoiled, and the castle garrisoned by a force under Edmund Ludlow. He held it for wellnigh a year, but had to capitulate in the following March, after a stout defence, to its owner, Lord Arundel (son of gallant Lady Blanche), and Sir Francis Doddington. The remains of the castle are a valuable example of early Perpendicular architecture.

The pleasant village of Bemerton will ever be held in remembrance as the last residence and living of the saintly George Herbert. It is one and a half miles from Salisbury. George Herbert's church is a very small ivy-covered fabric 45 ft. by 18 ft.; and here, within the altar rails, he lies buried.

Bradford-on-Avon has an attraction for archæologists which is unique—the Anglo-Saxon church of St. Lawrence. It had been converted into cottages (to which its preservation is due), and its character had been altogether forgotten, until a late Vicar of Bradford, the Rev. Canon Jones, was struck with the odd appearance of its roof-line, seen from adjacent heights, and, upon investigation, made discovery of its true nature. Steps were at once taken to deal with the building in a befitting manner, and the habitation fittings were gradually cleared out. Fortunately, the walls were intact. This little Saxon church, standing close to the present church, consists of the north porch, nave, and chancel. The nave is 25 ft. long by 13 ft. 2 in. wide, and 25 ft. high; the chancel, 13 ft. 2 in. by 10 ft. wide, and 18 ft. high; the porch, 10 ft. 5 in. by 9 ft. 11 in. wide, and 15 ft. high. Thus the building is lofty for its size. Both the nave and chancel are enriched with flat pilaster strips, and with a flat arcade cut out of single stones, which also runs round the flat east end, there being no east window. The masonry is remarkably good, being made of square stones. The doorway and the chancel arch are of distinctly primitive Romanesque, and very narrow; the chancel arch especially is wonderfully so. There is some rude internal sculpture—figures of angels in adoration—high up on each side of the chancel arch. This is perhaps the most perfect and best specimen we possess of Anglo-Saxon sculpture. Mr. Freeman sees no difficulty in believing with William of Malmesbury that the church was built by Ealdhelm. "The 'ecclesiola' of Bradford was long desecrated and disfigured, almost hidden by parasitic buildings. It has now been saved and restored, in the true but rare sense of that word. The building itself has been preserved; it has not had something else put in its place. It is, in fact, the one perfect surviving Old English church in the land. The ground-plan is absolutely untouched, and there are no mediæval insertions at all. So perfect a specimen of primitive Romanesque is certainly unique in England; we should not be surprised if it be unique of its own kind in Europe."

The meeting of the Royal Archaeological Institute commenced at Salisbury on Tuesday, under the presidency of General Pitt-Rivers, succeeding Earl Percy. The Mayor, Mr. F. Griffin, the Bishop of Salisbury, and the Rev. Precentor Venables, at the Cathedral, welcomed the visitors, and showed them the antiquities of the city.

A Bill for conferring additional money powers on the Metropolitan Board of Works was issued on Monday. The new powers are largely in substitution of those which expired on Dec. 31, 1886, or which will expire on Dec. 31, 1887—the former involving the sum of £2,365,397, and the latter £1,649,347. The total amount for which powers are now sought is £4,341,050, and it includes £1,568,200 for the Black-wall Tunnel, as well as other large sums for street improvements, precipitation works, &c. A table accompanying the Bill shows that the net liability of the Board on Dec. 31 last was £17,220,449, an increase of £274,510 since 1885. The rate levied on the metropolis by the Board is now the highest on record—nearly 7½d. in the pound.

SCOTTISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The fourth annual meeting of the Scottish Chess Association commenced at Edinburgh on the 11th ult., and was continued throughout the week. In the Major Tournament, Mr. D. Y. Mills, London, won the first prize with a score of six and a half out of eight games, and therefore holds the championship cup for the year. The veteran Mr. G. B. Fraser, Dundee, and Mr. G. E. Barbier, Glasgow, tied for the second and third prizes with six games each. In the Minor Tournament the prizes fell to Mr. W. Black, Glasgow, and Mr. J. Macfie, Edinburgh; and in a handicap with sixteen entries, the last pair in, Messrs. Mills and Fraser, after a draw, agreed to divide the two prizes. A problem tourney is about to be carried out in connection with the Association.

The accompanying representative group of the chessplayers of Scotland is from a photograph of members of the Scottish Chess Association, taken by Mr. Marshall Wane, Edinburgh, at the close of the late meeting. The gentlemen seated (taking them from left to right) are: Mr. G. Gibson, Edinburgh; Mr. G. B. Fraser, Dundee, probably the finest analyst and one of the strongest players that Scotland has produced; Mr. R. Branden, Lossiemouth; Mr. D. Y. Mills, well known in London chess circles, the champion for the year; Mr. Christopher Meikle, president of the Edinburgh Chess Club, and reputed its best player; Rev. G. McArthur, secretary of the Edinburgh club, many of whose problems (as "G. M.") appeared in bygone years in our columns; and Mr. G. E. Barbier, a Frenchman, now resident in Glasgow. Standing behind these (again from left to right) are: Mr. J. D. Chambers, Glasgow, a chess enthusiast; Mr. William Black, secretary of the Glasgow Chess Club; Mr. A. W. Buchan, Portobello; Mr. David Forsyth, secretary and treasurer of the association, and inventor of an excellent notation for recording chess positions; Mr. John Macfie, Edinburgh; Mr. John Russell, Glasgow; Mr. James Marshall, Glasgow; Dr. J. Cappie, Edinburgh; Mr. W. W. Robertson, Edinburgh; Mr. W. H. Maslin, Alloa; Mr. Jas. Phillips, Helensburgh; Mr. A. M. Broun, Edinburgh; Mr. Alfred D. Vardon, Edinburgh; and Mr. James Pringle, Edinburgh.

The Board of Trade have awarded the following testimonials for kindness and humanity shown by certain officials and natives of Corsica to the shipwrecked crew and passengers of the British steam-ship *Tasmania*, of Greenock, which was wrecked near Bonifacio on April 17, 1887—viz., a piece of plate to M. C. Souchard, Mayor of Sartène; a gold watch to M. P. M. Sinibaldi, chief secretary to the Mayor of Sartène; a revolver in case to M. A. Garot, captain of gendarmes; a revolver in case to M. J. B. Vallier, lieutenant of gendarmes; a gold watch to Dr. J. T. Susini; a binocular glass to M. J. F. G. Serra, overseer of Maritime Inscription at Bonifacio; a gold shipwreck medal to J. B. Rostini, brigadier of gendarmes; and silver shipwreck medals to T. Falchi and C. Redon, gendarmes; J. Santucci, roadman, and the following peasants—J. P. Martinetti, J. M. Bacciochi, J. Grimaldi, J. J. Grimaldi, R. Marchi, J. J. Neri, and J. Palazzi.

BIRTHS.

On the 24th ult., at North Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the wife of Henry F. Swan, of a son.

On the 23rd ult., at Beaconsfield, Kilvinside, Glasgow, the wife of J. B. Fleming, of a daughter.

On the 9th ult., at Neemuch, India, the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Carpendale, Bombay Staff Corps, of a son.

DEATH.

On the 21st ult., at his residence, The Cottage, South Darenth, Captain Thomas E. Symonds, R.N., eldest son of the late Admiral Symonds, of Lymington, in his 70th year. Deeply regretted.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings.

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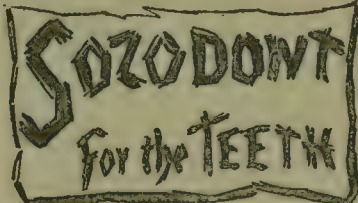
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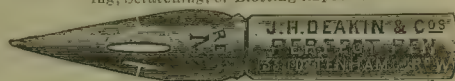


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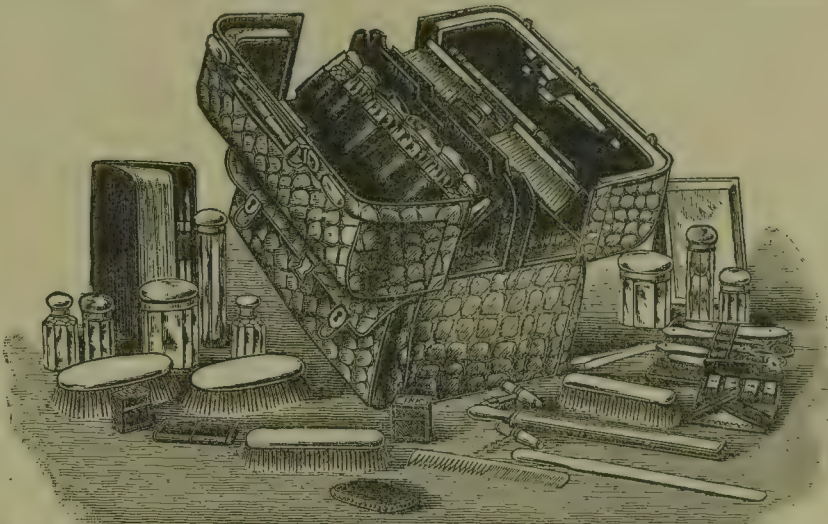
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5 15	7 15	10 11	0	7 55	8 0	8 40	8 50	10 12	0
4 15	5 50	7 45	10	5	5 50	7 0	9 17	1 5	
5 34	7 14	9 31	57	See Note.	5 50	7 0	9 17	1 5	
10 19	12 20	2 23	24	6 17	7 5	8 5	10 12	1 5	
6 40	8 35	11 50	6 35	7 5	8 5	10 12	1 5	3 35	
7 35	10 30	12 40	8 10	8 20	9 45	10 12	1 5	4 45	
10 0	11 0	12 0	11 0	12 0	1 0	2 0	3 0	4 0	
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AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIFF," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

KISS HAS SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THEATRICAL MANAGERS.



MEANWHILE, the gentlemen up-stairs were discussing a serious subject.

"I told you about our friend's play," said Kiss to Mr. Lethbridge, "his undeservedly unsuccessful play, produced a fortnight since at the Star Theatre. There are lines in it which would make the fortune of a poet, but these are not poetical days—on the stage."

At a certain theatre, where an eminent brother of the craft, to whom I take off my hat—he had no hat to take off, but he went through the necessary action—"has the ear of the public, and a following which is simply amazing to contemplate—at that theatre, I grant you, the poetical drama can be produced with great results; but, at any other London theatre, risky, very. It requires, for success, a perfect and harmonious combination of rare forces, and such a following as I have spoken of, and these are only to be found in that one theatre. Do you take?"

"Do I understand you?" said Mr. Lethbridge, deeply interested. "Yes."

"With such an actor," continued Kiss, "with such an organisation, with such resources, with such lavish, but not unwise, expenditure, with such a following, not only the poetical drama, but any kind of drama may be staged with assured result. Had Linton's play been produced there you would see him now all smiles instead of down in the dumps. I don't say to him 'What is the use?' A man has his feelings, and a dramatic author has a double share, which makes it bad for him when the reverse happens. Linton's play was not produced at the theatre I have indicated—more's the pity. He lost a chance, and an eminent actor-manager also lost one. But that is a detail. A time may come. Do you hear me, Linton?"

"I am deeply grateful to you," said Mr. Linton. "You are the best fellow in the world."

"That is sentiment, mere sentiment," said Kiss, coughing down the compliment. "We are now talking business, and I am, so to speak, showing our mutual friend the ropes, and letting him behind the scenes. Not quite the fairyland most people imagine. I was engaged for the run of Linton's play, and as it ran off instead of on I am now out of an engagement. Do I blame him? Not a bit of it. He would have as much reason to blame me. You see, Leth, there are certain rules and certain fashions in our line which it is as dangerous

to violate as in most lines of business. For instance, would you take a shop on the wrong side of the road?"

"No," replied Mr. Lethbridge, rather vaguely.

"There are business sides and un-business sides. Here, a shop is worth five hundred pounds a year; across the road it isn't worth fifty. So with theatres. Here, comedy; here, comic opera; here, melodrama; here, spectacle; here Shakespeare and the classic; and so on and so on. Risk the unsuitable, and you come to grief. That's what we did; for, I'm bound to confess that Linton was largely influenced by my advice in the matter. I had so firm a belief in the play that I thought it would score anywhere. It *did* score at the Star, but it scored the wrong way, because it was played at the wrong theatre. A knockdown blow! What then? Why, rise and at it again!—yes, though you get a dozen knockdown blows. Nil desperandum: that's my motto. Life's a fight. Are you waiting for a cue, Linton?"

"You are quite right in your observations," said the poor author, with a sad smile; "but it is easier for you to rise after a knockdown blow than it is for me. You are a favourite with the public; they welcome you the moment you make your appearance. The last time I appeared before them they howled at me. And it meant so much! It was not only a case of disappointed ambition and wounded vanity, but there was, at home—I beg your pardon; I scarcely know what I was about to say."

Mr. Lethbridge thought of the empty platters which Kiss had spoken of, and he gazed commiseratingly at Mr. Linton.

"Now, wouldn't you suppose," said Kiss, addressing himself to Mr. Lethbridge, "that Linton was so overwhelmed at his failure that he had no heart to try again? I am happy to say that is not the case. He has already got another play ready, a better one than the last, a play that is bound to hit 'em!"

"I am delighted to hear it," said Mr. Lethbridge, with a bright smile. "I must come the first night; we'll all come—mother, and Fanny, and Phoebe, and Bob. I dare say we shall be able to find room in the pit."

"Plenty," observed Mr. Linton, moodily.

"And bring good thick sticks with you," said Kiss, "to help the applause."

"When is it to be played?" asked Mr. Lethbridge, laughing at the suggestion of the big sticks, "and where?"

"Ah," said Kiss, "that's the rub. It is a question not yet decided."

"There are so many managers after it, I suppose?" said Mr. Lethbridge, innocently. "Look at it from a business point of view: accept the best offer at the best theatre."

Kiss leant back in his chair, and laughed long and loud. He had a particularly merry laugh, and the sound was heard in the kitchen.

"That's Mr. Kiss laughing," said Fanny. "The author has said something funny."

"I hope uncle will remember it," added Phoebe, "and tell us what it is. How wonderfully an author must talk, and what wonderful minds they must have! How ever do they think of things?"

"The fact is, Leth," said Kiss, presently, "we have not such a choice of managers and theatres as you imagine."

"Why, surely," said Mr. Lethbridge, "they are only too ready to jump at a good play when it is offered them?"

"If I were asked," said Kiss, "who were the worst possible judges of a manuscript play, I should answer: theatrical managers. As regards Linton's last effort, which he has at

the present moment in his coat pocket"—(Mr. Lethbridge knew from this remark what the great bulge was at Mr. Linton's breast, concerning which he had been rather puzzling himself; every now and then the dramatic author put his hand up to the pocket which contained his manuscript, to make sure that the precious documents were safe)—"As regards that," continued Kiss, "there is a certain obtuseness on the part of managers which has to be overcome before the new play sees the light. They have read it, and have shaken their heads at it. Now, I pit my judgment against theirs."

"So will I," said Mr. Lethbridge.

"And I say there's money and fame in Linton's last. By-the-way, Linton, that's not at all a bad title for something—'Linton's Last.' Think of it."

"At all events," observed the despondent author, with a lame attempt at a joke, "there would be an end of me after that."

"Not at all, my boy; couldn't spare you. As I said, Leth, the managers, all but one, shake their heads at Linton's play and, like asses, refuse it."

"All but one?" said Mr. Lethbridge. "He's a fortunate man, whoever he is!"

"He is not quite blind. Now, Leth, that is the real reason of our visit to you."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Lethbridge, in great amazement. "I have no influence, I assure you. I wish I had; I should be only too ready and willing to use it."

"This one manager," pursued Kiss, "who proves himself to possess some glimmering of common-sense, is, curiously enough, the manager of the Star Theatre, where Linton's last piece was produced."

"And he wishes to produce the new one," said Mr. Lethbridge. "That is very good of him."

"Oh, he knows what he is about, and he is awake to the fact that there is a certain fortune in the play. But, for all that, he's a downy bird—a very downy bird. He argues, says he: 'Your last piece, Linton, was almost a crusher to me.' At which Linton's heart sinks into his shoes and he groans, instead of meeting it lightly, as he ought to do. But that is a matter of temperament. 'I had to close my theatre,' says the manager of the Star, 'not having another piece ready, and here am I paying rent for shut doors. It has cost me so much,' mentioning a sum, which my experience tells me is the actual, multiplied by four. But that's neither here nor there. The manager of the Star goes on: 'To put the new piece on will cost so much,' again mentioning a sum multiplied by four. 'What do you propose to contribute towards it if I make the venture?' 'I give you my brains,' says Linton; 'that is all I possess.' 'In that case,' says the manager, 'I am afraid it is not to be thought of. I can't afford to stand the entire risk.' I, being present at the interview, step in here. I don't intend to apologise to Linton when I tell you, Leth, that he is not fit to manage his own business. 'You *did* produce a play of Linton's,' I say to the manager—it was called 'Boots and Shoes,' Leth; no doubt you remember it—'out of which you made a pot of money.' 'A small pot,' says the manager of the Star; 'a very small pot.' 'And,' says I, 'which you bought right out for fifty pounds.' 'Well,' says the manager, 'that was the bargain, made with our eyes open. When I offered fifty pounds for 'Boots and Shoes' I did it for the purpose of doing Linton a good turn.' He was hard up at the time, and I risked the fifty on the off-chance. If I make by one piece I lose by another.' 'Let us come to the point,' says I,

'about the new piece. You want something contributed towards the expense of getting it up. How much? Don't open your mouth too wide.' 'Two hundred pounds,' says he; 'not a penny less.' To tell you the truth, Leth, I thought he was going to ask for more. It isn't a very large sum, is it?'

'Not to some people,' replied Mr. Lethbridge, with a cheerful smile.

'Pleased to hear you say so. There's more to tell. It is not putting down the two hundred pounds and saying goodbye to it; it will come back in less than no time. The first profits of the piece will be devoted to repaying the amount, so that there is really very little risk, if any. Having stated his conditions the manager of the Star retires, and we retire also, to consider ways and means. Now I needn't tell you, Leth, that we can just as easily lay our hands upon two hundred pounds as we can bring the man in the moon down from the skies. The question then is—how to raise it? A serious question. We consider long, and at length a bright idea flashes upon me. I have, in an indirect way, made the acquaintance of a man who discounts bills. The acquaintance is slight—very slight; but faint heart, you know, and I go to him. I will mention his name to you; but it must be done in confidence—between ourselves.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Lethbridge.

'His name is Pamflett—Jeremiah Pamflett.'

'I know the name of Pamflett,' said Mr. Lethbridge.

'The father of my niece, Phoebe, who is just now on a visit to us'—

'The dearest, sweetest girl!' said Kiss, in explanation to Mr. Linton.

'Has a housekeeper of that name. Can Mr. Jeremiah Pamflett be a connection of hers?'

'It is not unlikely,' said Kiss: 'to speak the truth, it is quite likely. But that is not material, is it?'

'No,' said Mr. Lethbridge, with a slight pause for consideration: 'I don't think it is. I believe he manages some kind of business for Phoebe's father.'

'For Miser Farebrother? Yes, that is so; but he does business, also, on his own account. As I was saying—I go to Mr. Pamflett, and I lay the case before him; but he says he doesn't see his way to doing a bill for me and Linton without other names upon it. I run over the names of a few friends who would be willing to sign it, but Mr. Pamflett still demurs. It was then that the bright idea flashes upon me: I think of you. To come to you and ask you to lend us two hundred pounds was, of course, out of the question.'

'I regret to say it would be,' said Mr. Lethbridge. 'Nothing would give me greater pleasure if it were in my power.'

'I know, and therefore we have not come here with any such idea; but your name occurring to me while I was talking to Mr. Pamflett, I naturally mention it. He meets me instantly. He knows all about you and your family.'

'He has never been here,' interposed Mr. Lethbridge.

'He spoke most kindly of you, and said he had the greatest respect for you'—

'To my knowledge,' again interposed Mr. Lethbridge, 'I have never seen his face. I shouldn't know him from Adam if he stood before me now.'

'Perhaps he knows of you through your niece. However it is, you would not have been displeased had you heard him speak of you. The upshot of the affair is that he makes a proposition by which we shall get the two hundred pounds required to produce Linton's new play.'

The poor author dared not look at Mr. Lethbridge. So much depended upon the next few moments! His future, his whole career, Fame or oblivion. Much more than that; for it was not this lofty selfish view which occupied his mind. His home was threatened. Had it not been for Kiss, his wife and children would have been that day without a roof, and his cupboard bare. And yet there was in his pocket a mine of gold—on paper!

'The proposition is—and bear in mind that Mr. Pamflett made it out of pure kindness and out of the respect in which he holds you—that Linton should draw a bill at six months' date for three hundred pounds, and that you should accept it. Linton, of course, as drawer, will endorse it, and so will I. If I hand this bill to Mr. Pamflett to-morrow he will give Linton his cheque for two hundred pounds, and our friend's fortune is made. The resources of civilisation, my dear Leth, are wonderful. That a mere scratch of the pen can make a name famous, can make a worthy fellow happy, can bring joy to the hearts of a good woman and her children—you will love Mrs. Linton, when you know her—can snatch a man from the depths of despair:—now, is it not wonderful to think of? They will bless you, they will remember you in their prayers!—but I will say no more. It remains with you.'

In this speech the actor's art, unconsciously exercised, made itself felt, and it penetrated the very soul of good Uncle Leth.

Still Mr. Linton's eyes sought the carpet. He could not raise them; but the bowed head, the humble attitude were scarcely less powerful in their effect than the words of the kind-hearted low comedian.

'It does not enter my mind,' said Mr. Lethbridge to Kiss, 'that you would deceive me'—

'I would cut my right hand off first.'

'And therefore you will forgive me when I ask you if there is really no risk?'

'I give you my word and honour, Leth,' said Kiss, very seriously, 'as a man, and, what is more, as a judge of plays, that there is not the slightest risk. Is my opinion, as an actor and an honourable man, of any value?'

'Of the highest value!'

'There is not an atom of risk. Linton has his play in his pocket: he shall read it to you—or, rather, I will read it to you—before we leave you to-night. Linton is an execrable reader of his own works. He is so nervous and fidgety and undramatic that he misses every point. If ever I feel inclined to punch his head it is when he is reading his manuscript to the company in the green-room. Many a good play has been rejected because of this incapacity; many a bad play has been accepted because of the fervour and the magnetism of the author, who, carried away himself (frequently by inordinate vanity), has carried away a theatrical manager, and actors too sometimes, and warped their judgment. I will read Linton's play fairly, so that you will be able to form a proper estimate of it. Just consider, Leth: the bill is not due for six months. In three or four weeks at the furthest Linton's piece will be produced. The manager of the Star Theatre would like to rush it on sooner, but I shall insist upon a proper number of rehearsals. I shall stage-manage it myself, and that should be a guarantee. Two weeks after the production of the piece I shall have the pleasure—I beg Linton's pardon: *he* will have the pleasure—of handing to you the sum of three hundred pounds in a new suit of clothes. Not the money thus clothed, but the happy author. That will be four months before the money is to be paid to Mr. Jeremiah Pamflett. You can keep it and use it for those four months if you wish.'

'I shall pay it at once,' said Mr. Lethbridge, 'and get back the bill.'

'Then you will do it?'

'I will do it,' said Mr. Lethbridge; 'and I wish Mr. Linton every success.'

'Linton, old chap,' exclaimed Kiss, 'your fortune's made!'

Mr. Linton raised his eyes. The tears were brimming over in them, and running down his face.

'How can I thank you?' he said to Mr. Lethbridge. 'When everything looked so dark, and when I did not know which way to turn'—He could not go on.

'There's a silver lining to every cloud,' said Kiss, 'and if it can be seen anywhere in this wilderness city it can be seen here, in my friend Leth's house. I call a blessing upon it. When you crossed this threshold you dropped on your feet. But I told you how it would be. Now, Leth, perhaps you would like to hear that, hearing I was out of an engagement, the manager of the Eden Theatre offered me terms, but I have such faith in Linton's new piece that I refused and kept myself open for it.'

'I am perfectly satisfied,' said Mr. Lethbridge.

'We can settle the affair at once if you like,' said Kiss.

'Certainly, at once,' assented Mr. Lethbridge.

'I brought the bill with me, and here it is on stamped paper.'

He produced it, and Mr. Lethbridge, reading it through, accepted it, making it payable at the bank in which he had for so long a time held a position of trust.

'Aunt Leth sent me to tell you,' said Phoebe, popping in her head, 'that tea is ready.'

'Thank you, Phoebe,' said Mr. Lethbridge; 'come in. I want to introduce Mr. Linton to you.'

How little did the bright and beautiful girl suspect that within the last few moments an awful and tragic thread had been woven into her life.

She entered the room and looked timidly at the poor author.

'Not a word for me?' said Kiss.

'Yes, Mr. Kiss,' said Phoebe, giving him her hand.

'Mr. Linton—Phoebe,' said her Uncle Leth, encircling her waist with his arm. 'This is my niece, Mr. Linton, whom I love as a daughter.'

'Mr. Pamflett was speaking of you, yesterday,' said Mr. Linton.

'Mr. Pamflett!' exclaimed Phoebe, shrinking at the name.

'Yes. He said you were the most lovely girl in all London, and that there was no service you could call upon him to render which he would not cheerfully perform.'

'I scarcely know him, Sir,' murmured Phoebe.

'Let us get in to tea,' said Mr. Lethbridge, 'or mother will be impatient. A terrible tyrant, Mr. Linton; a terrible tyrant!'

CHAPTER XII.

THE READING OF THE NEW PLAY.

It was the merriest tea-party imaginable; and Aunt Leth's mind was at ease, in consequence of the time which had been afforded her to make suitable preparations for so eminent a guest as the dramatic author. In pouring out the tea, she helped him last, saying gaily

'The first of the coffee, Mr. Linton; the last of the tea.'

'A good homely saying,' he observed. 'I used to hear it from my mother. Though, really, I do not deserve such attention.'

'Don't believe him, Aunt Leth,' said Kiss. 'Your dramatic author is as fond of the best as any common mortal.'

The idea of comparing a dramatic author to a common mortal was certainly not to be lightly accepted by the young folk round the tea-table, who regarded Mr. Linton as a being far above and removed from the general run of people. It was to them almost a surprise that he spoke and ate in exactly the same way as their other acquaintances; and, out of the depths of their admiration, everything he did seemed to be invested with a certain superiority which raised him above his fellows. They cast timid and covert looks upon him, and noted his movements, so as to be able to give a faithful description of him, by-and-by, to their friends. It was fortunate for him that their observance was not too obtrusive, or it might have spoilt his appetite. As it was, he made an excellent tea, and tucked away the bread and butter, and ham and eggs with a zest which delighted Aunt Leth. He declared that he had never tasted such tea, nor such eggs, nor such bacon, nor such bread and butter, nor such gooseberry jam; and, if appearances were to be trusted, and there was any value in words, never did mortal enjoy himself more than this poor author, who had been lifted from despair by the generous kindness of Uncle Leth. Kiss had imparted, hastily and confidentially, to Aunt Leth, some particulars of Mr. Linton's circumstances, and had found time to descant upon his friend's virtues as a domestic man, of his love for his wife and children, and of his brave struggles against fortune. Aunt Leth's heart went out to Mr. Linton, and she said how proud she would be if he would bring his wife and little ones to see them. He replied that the honour would be on his side; but that, with his hostess's permission, he would wait until his new piece was produced at the Star Theatre. This temporising reply was dictated by his sensitive spirit. He and his wife lived in two rooms, in a not very distinguished neighbourhood, and he was afraid of a return visit and its consequent humiliation. When his play was produced he would be able to remove to better quarters, and his wife would buy a new dress; then the acquaintanceship with this charming family could commence, and he would be in a position to return their hospitality.

'A new play!' exclaimed Aunt Leth. 'Do you appear in it, Mr. Kiss?'

'Yes,' said Kiss. 'We hope to see you in the theatre on the first night. Uncle Leth has promised to supply each of you with a big stick, so that you may lead the applause.'

'But there will be no getting in,' said Aunt Leth.

'Linton will reserve a private box for you,' said Kiss.

Eager heads turned to the poor author, eager eyes gazed at him.

'Madam,' said Mr. Linton, 'I shall be honoured if you will accept it. If you do not, I feel that my play will meet with failure.'

'You are very good,' said Aunt Leth. 'We have never been to a first night, and have read so much about them. I am sure your play will be a great success; there can be no doubt of that.'

The thoughts of Fanny and Phoebe instantly flew to the question of dress. A private box on a first night! An event to be always remembered, especially with a play which was certain to be the talk of the town. It must be properly honoured.

'Mr. Linton has the manuscript of the play with him,' said Kiss, 'and if you have nothing better to occupy your time to-night I propose to read it to you, in order that you may form an opinion of it. What do you say?'

What did they say?—there was a question! If they had nothing better to occupy their time?—what *could* be better? Why, the girls would be ready to throw over even a dance for such a treat! They glowed with excitement, and Mr. Lethbridge, looking round upon the happy faces, was glad to think that he had signed the bill which Kiss had in his pocket

at that moment, and which to-morrow would be in the possession of Jeremiah Pamflett.

'There's an audience for you,' said Kiss to the author, pointing to the young people.

'A good augury,' said the proud author. 'I feel more hopeful than I have done for a long time past.'

The females of the party presently left in a body to prepare the drawing-room for the promised reading, and then it was that Phoebe said to Aunt Leth:

'Oh! Aunt Leth, I have something to say, and I'm in that state of excitement that I'd better say it at once before I forget it. Next Saturday is my birthday, you know.'

'Yes, dear, I know,' said Aunt Leth, giving the young girl a tender caress; 'and we shall keep it up by a little dance at home here. I intended to speak to you about it to-night before you went to bed.'

'You are so good to me, dear aunt,' said Phoebe, 'that I don't know how ever I can repay you. It would, I think, be impossible, whatever it might be in my power to do.'

'My dear child,' said Aunt Leth, 'don't talk of repayment. You are as one of our own. What we do comes from our hearts. So you will manage to come here early on Saturday, and remain till Tuesday or Wednesday.'

'No, aunt,' said Phoebe, with many kisses; 'I can't do that. You must all come to me.'

'To you, dear! Where?'

'To Parkside, aunt.'

Aunt Leth looked grave. 'Have you your father's permission, Phoebe?'

'Yes, aunt; he gave it willingly. I don't mean to say it was his idea; it was mine, and he consented at once when I asked him. I can only ask you to a poor little tea,' said Phoebe, her lips slightly trembling, 'but I hope you won't mind. I should so like it! Uncle Leth and Fanny and Bob have never been to Parkside, and though I can't give them a grand entertainment, I don't think it will make any difference.'

'Nothing can make any difference in our love for you, my dear.'

'Then you *will* come, all of you!'

'Yes, dear; we will come, because I see it will be a pleasure to you; and that will make it a pleasure to us.'

Aunt Leth pressed her hand fondly over the young girl's head, and just for one moment there were tears in both their eyes; but they were instantly dried, and with a smile and a kiss they busied themselves preparing for the reading of the play. These were soon completed, and the gentlemen were called in.

'Capital! capital!' exclaimed Kiss, as he contemplated the arrangements: the lights on the table, the chairs ranged round, the place of honour for himself, so disposed that he could either sit or stand. 'As good as a green-room, Linton.'

'A great deal better,' said the author, thinking of the various vain interests comprised in a company of actors, each listening to the lines of the character he was to play, and calling the piece good or bad according to the strength or weakness of that special part of it. He took his manuscript from his pocket, and handed it to Kiss. The actor gazed with calm and impressive dignity at his audience. His movements were few, and quiet and stately. He knew the value of repose. He was in his glory, master of the position, and equal to the occasion. He opened the manuscript, and was about to commence when a diversion occurred. There was a sound at the door, as of some person outside. Aunt Leth went to the door, opened it, glided into the passage, and returned.

'It is our servant,' she whispered to Kiss. 'She has heard of the reading, and implores to be allowed to be present. She is a very good girl. May she?'

'By all means,' said Kiss. 'A theatre is a packet of all sorts. Admit her.'

In came 'Melia-Jane, who, with awe on her features, seated herself at the back of the room, and fixed her eyes upon Kiss, who was to her a greater than Jove.

Then Kiss commenced in earnest, and quickly held his audience in thrall. He moved them to tears, he moved them to laughter; he so individualised each character, male and female, that there was no difficulty in following the course of the story. It contained tender and comic episodes, to which he gave full and distinctive weight, 'bringing down the house,' as he afterwards said, again and again. There was a song in the play, which he rendered amidst great applause, and as the author heard it and saw the delighted appreciation of the little company he hugged himself, as it were, and whispered inly, 'It must be a success; it cannot, cannot fail!' Although the reading occupied two hours, there was not the least sign of weariness, and when it was finished author and actor were overwhelmed with congratulations. As for 'Melia-Jane,' she so laughed, and cried, and clapped her hands, and stamped her feet that the happy author, poor as he was, slyly slipped a shilling into her hand.

'It is,' said Uncle Leth, 'the very finest play that was ever written.'

Upon this they were all agreed, and everyone prophesied a glorious success. Incidentally, Aunt Leth remarked, 'And how beautifully you sang that song, Mr. Kiss!'

'Did I?' said Kiss. 'Shall I sing you another?'

The proposal was received with clapping of hands, and Kiss sang 'Tom Bowline' with such tender effect that he was called upon for another.

'No,' he said, 'ask Linton. He knows a splendid song in another vein. Sing 'Little Billee,' Linton.'

In the joy of his heart Mr. Linton could not refuse, and he began to sing Thackeray's 'astonishing piece of nonsense.' He had a thin quavering voice which suited the air, but somehow or other the song was not a success with this particular audience. Upon 'Melia-Jane the effect was alarming. When the singer came to the lines—

'There's little Bill is young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat her,'

She slowly rose from her chair, with horror depicted on her face. The singer went on:

'O Bill, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the collar of your chemise.'

When Bill received this information
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

'O let me say my catechism,
As my poor mammy taught to me!'

Here 'Melia-Jane burst out blubbing so violently that she had to be conducted from the room. Mr. Linton concluded the song, however; but the applause which attended his effort was rather faint, and Kiss found it necessary to explain that the lines were really only nonsense-lines. He himself soon restored the equilibrium by a sweet rendering of 'Sally in our Alley,' and then followed other songs by Phoebe and Fanny, and an old-fashioned duet by Aunt and Uncle Leth. Then there was a little bit of supper, at which Uncle Leth proposed the toast of 'Success to Mr. Linton's delightful play,' to which the author responded in feeling terms, and spoke of the happy evening he had spent. After actor and author were gone, Phoebe and the Lethbridges stopped up for an hour talking over the incidents of this remarkable night; but Uncle Leth said nothing of the bill for three hundred pounds to which he had put his name.

(To be continued.)

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

VENICE.

The chief attraction of travelling is surprise produced by something novel and unforeseen. As I approached Venice, I wished never to have seen the pictures of Canaletto, or the water-colours of Bonington and Ziem. The descriptions of writers, even of the precise and brilliant Théophile Gautier, leave some margin to the imagination; but where the painter and the photographer have passed, the impression loses at least its fine feather-edge of newness and crispness. And yet, when we left the iron road and set foot in a gondola, and when this gondola began to glide along the Grand Canal, rocking regularly, turning corners, making hair-breadth escapes of collisions, winding in and out through the inextricable network and infinite capillarity of the aquatic streets of Venice, our astonishment was as great as if we had never read a book about Venice, and never seen a Canaletto or a Ziem. The movement of the gondola is delightful in the extreme, and surpassed only in suavity by the movement of a "caïque" on the Bosphorus. On the other hand, the gondola itself is a sufficiently funereal craft; the gondolier is an unromantic person who rarely sings, and whose dress is commonplace; the canals of Venice are decidedly foul-smelling, and the palaces with which they are lined are approaching a sad state of ruination. Travellers rarely quit the emphatic tone in describing what they have seen, even when the things they mention are mediocre; the idea being, I suppose, that it would compromise a traveller's reputation to admit that he had seen something which was not worth seeing. In real truth one of the nuisances of travelling is that, on the recommendation of the guide-books, one is constantly going to see some stupid thing or another which in our normal state of existence would not captivate our attention for a single moment. People rave about the entrance to Venice by the Grand Canal: the entrance to Lyons by the Rhone, or to Paris by the Seine, is certainly more grandiose. The marvel of Venice is not the Grand Canal, it is the Piazzetta, St. Mark's, and the Ducal Palace seen from the sea; it is the essential queeriness of the town, where you cannot take two steps without arriving at a canal or a bridge, and where from year's end to year's end you never see a larger four-footed animal than a dog or a cat. The Piazza San Marco is the realisation of a fairy tale; neither Canaletto nor Gautier, nor any painter or writer can give an adequate representation of this wonderful sight. On two sides are the monumental structures of the Procuraties; to the right the Campanile rises 300 ft. in the air; to the left is the clock-tower, surmounted by automatic bronze giants holding hammers upraised ready to strike the hours; in the background is St. Mark's Church, with its leaden domes shining as if they were of silver, its five porches with their splendour of mosaics on gold ground, its three or four hundred columns of porphyry, granite, serpentine, vert antique, and Pentelic marble; its bronze horses, its undulating silhouette fringed with gold angels intermingled with fantastic vegetation of snow-white marble. In front of the church rise three red flag-poles, shod with beautiful bronze pedestals; while at the right-hand corner you catch a glimpse of three or four of the windows of the Ducal Palace, with its walls of white and rose marble.

This vision is a marvel only approached in splendour by the vision of the Ducal Palace, St. Mark's, and the Piazzetta, seen from the sea. From every point of view the scene is one of marvellous richness, marred only by the degenerate humanity which animates it. Modern Venice is a dead city, living on the curiosity and gullibility of foreign visitors. You cannot go near St. Mark's or the Ducal Palace without being pestered by the offers of guides and photograph-sellers, who buzz around you like flies. And all the arcades around St. Mark's-place are occupied by little shops, where are sold the trashiest, paltriest, and most abominable jewellery, trinkets, nicknacks, and souvenirs which it is possible to imagine; and the shopkeepers stand at their doors and solicit you, first in one tongue and then in another, for the wretches sell their rubbish in all languages. This St. Mark's-place, the scene of the above-mentioned splendours and inconveniences, is the centre of Venetian life. In the arcades are four cafés, of which the most famous is the Café Florian, renowned for its excellent coffee during the past hundred years. Towards sunset, these four cafés occupy two-thirds of the vast square with their little tables and chairs, leaving only a passage free down the middle; and on the four or five nights a week when the military band plays every chair is taken, and the crowd remains thick until midnight. All Venice is there, rich and poor alike, but more poor than rich. All the visitors are there; and everybody who has a sixpence in his pocket is eating ices and *granitas*, which are excellent in Venice, and only surpassed by those of Milan. Amidst the crowd circulate two or three flower-girls, daintily dressed à la *Parisienne*; hardworking men and boys, who try to sell their halfpenny papers, *Corriere della Sera*, *Venezia*, *Adriatico*; and the caramel-vendor, who offers grapes, plums, and quarters of oranges *glacés* with sugar and skewered on sticks of white wood. A degenerate crowd, indeed, ill-favoured and uncomely withal. Where are the blonde Venetian women that Palma Vecchio and Titian depicted? Where are all the gay and graceful follies of the Venice which Longhi has immortalised in his delicate paintings? Where are the swaggering and brilliantly-dressed gondoliers whom we see in Carpaccio's pictures? United Italy and Manchester wares have put an end to all this. Gay and brilliant Venice is only a memory, and a penny steam-boat, smoking and hideous, now runs up and down that Grand Canal, where formerly the gilded gondolas of the Republic, and the still richer gondolas of the Ambassadors, were towed up and down in stately pomp, for the gondoliers of the Republic were too grand personages to work. They were clad in mantles of red velvet embroidered with gold, and wore large caps à l'*Albanoise*, which made them so proud that they could not condescend to handle an oar, but stood up bravely on the gondolas of the Republic and had themselves towed by small boats with musicians on board to play and charm their ears.

Venice has been written about so much and so enthusiastically that one forms perhaps too great ideas about it before having seen the reality. It must be admitted that there has been much romancing done, on the part of Byron especially, and not a little on the part of George Sand and Gautier. Doubtless, on account of the souvenirs it calls up, Venice is a most interesting place; its narrow streets are most curious; its canals, its gondolas, even its gondoliers, most romantic and delightful. But, in sober truth, all that one needs to see of Venice is the general aspect, St. Mark's Church and Place, the Ducal Palace, and the pictures in the Accademia. If you go off to this church and that *scuola* trying to feel at second-hand the ethico-aesthetic sensations of John Ruskin; or if you go to the prisons of the Ducal Palace, or to the shores of the Lido, with a view to treading in the footsteps of Byron, you are doomed to disappointment. The prisons of the Ducal Palace are very comfortable apartments, and the Lido is a barren island, on which an enterprising company has established

a very prosperous bathing establishment and seaside restaurant, eightpence there and back, bath and towels included—a sort of Venetian Margate. The Lido is also the Jewish burying-ground.

In spite of apparent discontent, I am delighted to have spent a week in Venice, and to have explored the town thoroughly even at the cost of numerous disappointments, amply compensated for by the indelible souvenirs of the Piazza San Marco, of the sea-view, and of the pictures by Carpaccio, John Bellini, Titian, Paris Bordone, and Paul Veronese, which are the pearls of the Academy. Nevertheless, far from being a fairy city, Venice is a mouldering, decayed, and decrepit old place, and (there is no use in disguising the fact) it smells abominably—all these canals being, of course, tidal, and rising and sinking with the waters of the Adriatic.

T. C.

NEW BOOKS.

NOVELS.

The Strange Adventures of Lucy Smith. By F. C. Philips. Two vols. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.).—The author of "As in a Looking-Glass," and of two or three other brisk and even brilliant works of fiction, has considerable literary talents. Originality of design, artistic neatness of construction, and perfect style, with shrewd insight into the humours of individual character, go far to recommend a story; but the subject ought to be one of legitimate interest. Several expert and clever writers have recently made free play with the deplorable superstition of those misguided people who believe in occult influences, enabling the mesmerist, the pretended spiritualist, or some kind of scientific, theosophic, or magical practitioner, to control perpetually the brain and nervous system, the thoughts, feelings, and will of the person selected for his victim. The prevalence of these false beliefs, arising from vile trickery and from popular ignorance of the established facts of physiology and psychology, is actually a feature of present social life, which the novelist may properly deal with, as with any other fashionable follies. But it is not well to countenance them by imaginary narratives adopting a tone of simple veracity, without some indication that the author does not mean to accredit the really existing delusion. It would be far more salutary to lead a tale of this description to the final detection of the impostor, and to the victory of plain truth and common-sense. Here is a powerful story of Miss Lucy Smith's fearful subjection to a mysterious conspiracy of mind-stealers, who purchase the right of inspiring her nightly dreams, inflicting upon her the most painful torment and degradation of spirit. Mr. Philips has drawn a picture of what some ill-educated sciolists have perhaps been silly enough to think a possible condition. The assumed faculties of thought-reading and thought-directing, vested in an alien will, might have been supposed, without any chemical or electrical apparatus, or the intervention of demoniac agency, capable of effecting this result. The elaborate machinery of the alchemist's conjuring-shop, the vials of subtle essences, and the overpowering vapours, are gratuitously introduced; nor is there any apparent need for those contrivances of vulgar romance, the entanglement of the young woman in a false suspicion of crime, the kidnapping of her person in an artificial state of unconsciousness, and carrying her to a sumptuous mansion in the country, where she is compelled to sign a fatal compact with a drop of her own blood. These extravagances, which contrast disagreeably with the pleasing simplicity and naturalness of the earlier part of her story, bring on the series of distressing dreams suffered by Lucy Smith in her sojourn at Torquay, at Dawlish, and at Brighton. We are at a loss to conjecture the motive of the extremely wicked old gentleman residing in a secluded villa near Chislehurst, and of his accomplice Mrs. Jackson, in going to such vast trouble and expense for the mere purpose of torturing an utter stranger. They are incarnate fiends, no doubt; and the aged necromancer, who never once sees his victim except through clairvoyance at a distance of many miles, can scarcely be human, or vicious in the way of men. It remains an incomprehensible problem, which even Professor Althaus of Strassburg, whose superior science or skill defeats those horrid machinations, delivers poor Lucy Smith, and kills Archimago with a glance and a breath, would hardly be able to explain. Lucy Smith, though not much of a heroine, engages our sympathy by the frank exhibition of feminine sentiment; and the habits and manners of the sex, the allowable taste for nice dressing, the enjoyment of dainty feeding, the love of shopping, and a certain foible of novel-reading in bed, are gracefully exposed. Her adventurous but innocent and involuntary trip to Dieppe, on board Captain Edwardes's yacht, happily brings about her release from bondage, and gives her an excellent husband. With the arrest of Mrs. Jackson by the French police, and her suicide in prison, we get rid of both the malefactors, but still wonder why they should have done what we are told they did.

In His Grasp. By Esmé Stuart. One vol. (W. H. Allen and Co.).—The subject of this tale, which is likewise by a writer of proved acceptability, resembles that of the one above mentioned, and is open, in our opinion, to similar objections. The authoress, however, in her description of the strange malady of Aletta Templeman, who marries and becomes Mrs. Leo Winterton, ascribes the fantastic powers of the mesmeric tyrant over her to the permanent effect upon her nervous system produced some years before at a single operation. The patient is stated to have been thus rendered liable, at frequent intervals, to fits of an extraordinary mental hallucination, in which she saw, in waking moments, a vision of the man who had performed the mesmeric passes, and felt irresistibly compelled to follow his beckoning guidance. Aletta, though otherwise sane and in good health, is often in danger of destruction under this baneful influence, being drawn to the verge of precipices and of deep waters, while her memory is impaired by these shocks, and she cannot be trusted in ordinary social converse. Dr. Winterton, a young medical man, having met her travelling with her father and elder sister in Switzerland, chivalrously resolves to achieve her cure, but proceeds in the first instance, somewhat rashly and inconsiderately, to make her his wife. He then devotes himself with much sagacity and perseverance to the task of finding the mesmerist, whose name and habitation are quite unknown, and by whose hand alone, in the foolish belief of disciples and dupes of this sorry delusion, the person so peculiarly affected can be set free. This man is a Mr. Cook, sometimes bearing other names, a cunning, heartless, unprincipled adventurer, who does not appear, however, to have intentionally persecuted Aletta in the past time; but he resents the interference of Dr. Winterton, and seeks to extort a very large sum of money for consenting to relieve her from the fatal spell. There is a certain private conventicle or college of the adepts in animal magnetism, held in a closely-guarded house, in an obscure street of Paris, the residence of an artful lady called Madame De Chablis, or "La Comtesse," who is a principal accomplice of Mr. Cook. Dr. Winterton, living at Paris with his newly-married wife and her sister Ethel, hears of Madame De Chablis, goes to her house, meets Mr. Cook, and discovers the existence

of the secret society, but gets into an altercation which results in violence and threats of vengeance. Meantime, his young wife is forcibly drawn away from home by the application of the mesmeric spell, and is confined a close prisoner in the dwelling of Madame De Chablis; and during several weeks her husband in vain sets the police at work, and makes every possible effort to find her. Setting aside the preposterous conception of mesmeric or magnetic compelling force put on Aletta's will, a notion almost equal, as arrant nonsense, to that of demoniac possession inspiring the abominable dreams of Lucy Smith, we must say that the authoress of "In His Grasp," without so much dramatic ability as Mr. Philips, makes out a less unlikely ground of action. Aletta being co-heiress of a large fortune, left by her father's death, the probable motive for capturing her may be seen in the design to gain an increased pecuniary ransom, as well as to gratify Mr. Cook's spite against her husband, who has defied and denounced the pseudo-scientific tricksters. It is but just to Esmé Stuart, though we cannot altogether approve this story, to give her due praise for the vigorous persistency with which it is carried forward, the aptness of the incidents, and the strong hold it takes on the mind of her reader. She has, we observe, dedicated its publication, ironically perhaps, "to the Society for Psychical Research." Without prejudice to any sober and earnest inquiry concerning mental phenomena, we are convinced that all the fables and fancies of this kind, beyond the well-understood discoveries of hypnotism and the natural processes of involuntary cerebration, are the grossest delusion, are morally pernicious, and are disgraceful to an enlightened age.

On the Scent. By Lady Margaret Majendie. One vol. (Hurst and Blackett).—There is quite a run, just now, among imaginative fabulists, upon such preternatural faculties as clairvoyance and "second sight." The old fancy of the use of the divining-rod, in the discovery of treasure and in the detection of a criminal, is served up again by the rather clever lady writer of this slightly mystifying story. A young Frenchwoman, Antoinette Rigaud, has inherited from her maternal ancestor the bequest of a little stick, which she, as one born with the gift of the soothsayer, can manipulate for magical guidance upon a sufficiently urgent occasion. She is taken home to live with her father, an aged and infatuated miser, in a lone country house in Brittany. M. Rigaud, while pretending there to be very poor, has acquired vast riches as a financier in London, and now keeps in his personal custody a leather case filled with diamonds of enormous value. He has, during a visit to a friend in business at Liverpool, taken partly into his confidence a good young Englishman named Arthur Denstone, who knows something of M. Rigaud's peculiarities. Arthur has to escort the old man's daughter to the place where her father lives; but, on arriving, they find M. Rigaud in the hands of a stranger calling himself Paul Leduc, claiming to be Rigaud's nephew, the son of his sister who died in Peru. Within a few hours, this person suddenly departing, the old miser is found murdered in a locked-up room, and the hoard of diamonds has been stolen. Suspicion falls on a faithful old servant; but Antoinette goes into a somnambulist trance, handles the mystic talisman, receives miraculous inspiration, starts up and walks straight away, leading Arthur Denstone, the Mayor of Gouey, and the Curé of the parish, in chase of the real malefactor and of the proofs of his guilt. From the dead body of her father, laid out for the funeral, she proceeds to a hiding-place in the forest, where the robber has deposited the diamonds underground. She next conducts them, by a long railway journey, to Bordeaux, never speaking a word, being still in a trance; and, going direct to a fifth-floor attic of a certain house, in a certain street of that city, she enables the magistrate and the police to capture the actual murderer. He is, of course, the young man falsely pretending to be Rigaud's nephew. This is a wonderful story; and, if the clairvoyant faculty of mesmerists and "spiritualists" were applied to equally beneficial purposes, the disciples might have a better excuse than they have for wilfully forcing themselves to believe in things of which no substantial evidence was ever recorded. The little story, at any rate, is sufficiently amusing in some parts, and exciting in other parts, to divert the reader for a couple of hours. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that Arthur Denstone gets a lovely wife and a large fortune. The characters and manners of the rest of the Denstone family are rather disagreeably drawn.

Diane De Breteville. By Hubert Jerningham. One vol. (W. Blackwood and Sons).—The brief love-story of a young English gentleman, Henry Vere, an attaché to the Embassy in Paris, and of a charming, innocent, high-spirited French young lady, the only child of a respectable family of high rank and large estates, is here related with equal grace of style and refinement of feeling. The author is manifestly conversant with the realities, as well as the conventionalities, of French society in the remnant of aristocratic life that still exists in that country; we should otherwise have supposed it to be impossible for a girl who had been most strictly educated to break off a marriage arranged by her parents by openly disavowing her intended husband at the Mairie before the friends invited to witness the civil contract. The behaviour of Diane, though her character is one of exquisite purity, in boldly committing herself to a lover on the shortest possible acquaintance, would appear startling even in England; but Mr. Vere's extremely honourable and chivalrous conduct, with his perfect tact and discretion, and his respectful deference to her parents, is a model for young men in a similar situation. We regret that the French code of honour obliges him to fight a not very perilous sword-duel with the elderly Count De Maupert; and we grieve at the early death of young Madame Vere, a few years after the happy union of the pair of true fond lovers.

The Thorncliffes. By H. M. Urwick. Three vols. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.).—The family of the Rev. Henry Thorncliffe, Vicar of Ardermoor, are the people whose name gives a title to this story of domestic life; but the heroine is Dorothea Lloyd, who lives with her aunts in that village. Agnes and Lilian Thorncliffe, and their younger sisters, make a friend of Dorothea; and they have a brother Fred, who imbibes opinions which prompt him to refuse to take clerical orders. Instead of that, he starts a newspaper called *The Flag of Progress*. On the other hand, there is an estimable young clergyman, the Rev. Alfred Graham, with such a pronounced call to religious service that he feels bound to prefer the labours of a city missionary to the quiet duties of a rural pastor. He is nevertheless in love with Agnes Thorncliffe; but she is too good to live long. Enough has perhaps been stated to indicate the general conception of the plot, to which may be added the match that comes off between Lilian Thorncliffe and Harry Danvers, the neighbouring young squire. There is much talk of taking lessons and giving lessons, of Church and Dissent, and of the intellectual and social problems of the age. Fred Thorncliffe, after a while, goes to Australia, and becomes a prosperous Government surveyor. After another while, he comes back and marries Dorothea Lloyd. This novel, if we may guess, bears internal evidence of female authorship, and many ladies will read it with pleasure.



BUDDHISM IN BURMAH: INSTALLATION OF A PHOONGYE OR PRIEST.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT E. R. PENROSE, 23RD BOMBAY LIGHT INFANTRY.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 27, 1880) of Mr. John Swift, J.P., late of Southfields, Eastbourne, and of No. 23, Great Cumberland-place, Hyde Park, who died on June 20 last, was proved on the 21st ult. by Sir Charles Brodie Locock, Bart., and Edward Woods, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £384,000. The testator bequeaths £22,000 London and North-Western Railway stock, £10,000 Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway stock, and £1500 to his daughter, Georgiana, and he mentions that he made settlements on his two other children, Maria Elizabeth Whetton and Herbert Henry Swift, on their marriages; £500 to each of his executors, and legacies to servants. There are also gifts of jewellery to children and grandchildren. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares, upon trust, for his said three children, for their respective lives, and then for their children as they shall respectively appoint.

The will (dated March 11, 1882), with a codicil (dated March 20, 1885), of Mr. John Gurney, late of Sprowston Hall, Norfolk, and of Norwich, banker, Mayor of that city 1885-6, who died on Feb. 24 last, at Cannes, was proved on the 22nd ult. by Mrs. Isabel Charlotte Gurney, the widow, Robert Harvey Mason, and Henry Birkbeck, junior, the general executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £204,000. The testator bequeaths £7000 and his horses and carriages to his wife; his furniture, pictures, plate, books, wines, and effects to his son, who shall succeed to the real estate under the limitations contained in the will of the late Hudson Gurney; and his capital and share in the partnership of Messrs. Gurneys, Birkbeck, Barclay, and Buxton, bankers, Norwich, to his son who shall first attain twenty-one. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay to his wife during widowhood such annual sum as with the income to be received by her under their marriage settlement will make up £5000 per annum. The remainder of the income is to accumulate until the death of his wife or until his youngest son attains twenty-one, and then the ultimate residue is to go to his children or remoter issue, as his wife shall appoint; but his son (and his children) who takes his share and capital in the bank is excluded from any share in such residue; and, in the event of a son attaining a vested interest, his daughters' shares are not to exceed £20,000 each.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1880), with a codicil (dated Jan. 29, 1884), of Mr. John Barnett, formerly of Coleraine House, Stamford Hill, but late of "Sherwood," Beckenham, and of Meopham Court, Kent, who died on June 14 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by Thomas Barnett, the brother, and Herbert Barnett and Robert Sydney Barnett, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £126,000. The testator gives his furniture, plate, pictures, effects, horses and carriages to his children—Herbert, Robert Sydney, John Edward, Walter, and Helen Annie; £3000 to his said daughter, Mrs. Helen Annie Stagg; £22,000, upon trust, for his said daughter, her husband, and children; his share in the partnership business of Messrs. Barnett and Sons, gunmakers, Duncan-street, Whitechapel, to his son Herbert, the value thereof to be brought into hotchpot; and legacies to brothers, executors, trustees, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sons, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 28, 1881), with a codicil (dated March 7, 1887), of Mr. George Hibbert Marshall, late of Enholmes Hall, Patrington, Yorkshire, and of Patterdale Hall, Westmorland,

who died on March 27 last, was proved on the 6th ult. by Walter James Marshall, the brother, Richard Hill, Francis Richard Pease, and Herbert John Marshall, the executors; the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £101,000. The testator bequeaths the plate, pictures, and books at Enholmes Hall and Patterdale Hall, and the furniture at Patterdale Hall, to go as heirlooms with his settled estate; the remainder of his furniture, and all his wines and jewellery, to his brother, the said Walter James Marshall; and there are two or three other legacies. All his freehold manors, estates, and hereditaments, in the counties of Westmorland, Cumberland, Middlesex, and Yorkshire, and all other his real estate, he devises to the use of his said brother, for life, with remainder to his first and every other son, severally, according to their respective seniorities in tail male. His copyhold and leasehold property he settles in a similar manner. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his brother, for life, and then for the person who, at his death, shall succeed to the settled estate, either as tenant for life or in tail.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1882), with a codicil (dated June 27, 1884), of Mr. Emanuel Churcher, late of Bridgemary House, Alverstoke, Southampton, who died on May 19 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by William Emanuel Churcher and George Churcher, the sons, George Bone and George Keith Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £56,000. The testator leaves £500, and all his furniture, plate, effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock to his wife, Mrs. Emma Churcher; he also leaves to her, for life, the use of Bridgemary House, £500 per annum, and the dividends and interest of certain gas and other shares; and a life interest in certain properties to his son James Albert, and his daughter Rose Marian. The remainder of the income of his residuary property during his wife's lifetime is to be divided between his children, except his son James Albert. On the death of his wife, he gives Bridgemary House, with the farms and lands, to his son William Emanuel; £5000 to each of his daughters; and there are also other gifts of farms, lands, and messuages, and shares in companies to sons and daughters. The ultimate residue is to be divided between his sons William Emanuel and George.

The will (dated March 24, 1884) of Sir Barrow Helbert Ellis, K.C.S.I., late of No. 69, Cromwell-road, formerly a member of the Council of the Secretary of State for India, who died on June 20 last, at Evian-les-Bains, Savoy, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Benjamin Barrow and Ernest George Mocatta, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £55,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to University College Hospital (Gower-street); £1000 to the Building Extension Fund of the same hospital; £1000 to the Jews' College (Tavistock House, Tavistock-square); £500 each to the Jewish Board of Guardians, the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum (Lower Norwood), and the Northbrook Indian Society (Whitehall-gardens); £300 each to the Jews' Infant Schools (Commercial-street), and the Jews' Deaf and Dumb Home (Notting-hill); £100 to St. Mary Abbott's Soup-Kitchen (Kensington); 25,000 rupees to the Governor in Council of the Presidency of Bombay, for objects of a permanent character for the benefit of native inhabitants of the district of Ratnagiri, Bombay; and numerous other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to his brother, Samuel Helbert Ellis.

The will (dated July 6, 1887) of Mr. Henry Richardson, late of Wood Lawn, Crofts Bank-road, Urmston, Lancashire, and No. 24, Swan-street, Manchester, watchmaker and jeweller, who died on the 6th ult., was proved, in London, on the

21st ult., by Mrs. Catharine Richardson, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £10,000. The testator gives all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 24, 1878), with a codicil (dated July 27, 1883), of Sir Charles Cooper, formerly Chief Justice of South Australia, late of No. 12, Pulteney-street, Bath, who died on May 24 last, was proved on the 24th ult. by Dame Emily Grace Cooper, the widow, and John Cooper, the nephew. The executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £9000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate in South Australia (except bonds of the Colonial Government) upon trust for his sister, Mrs. Sarah Ann Bartley, for life, and then for his three nieces, Caroline Louisa, Mary Ursula, and Alice, the daughters of his brother Samuel; and a legacy to his said nephew and a former servant. The residue of his property he gives to his wife.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1875) of Admiral Lord Edward Russell, C.B., Knight of the Legion of Honour, late of No. 212, Piccadilly, who died on May 21 last, at the Royal Yacht Squadron Club House, Cowes, was proved, under a nominal sum, on the 22nd ult., by the Rev. Edward Francis Russell, the sole executor. The testator gives, devises, bequeaths, and appoints all his real and personal estate to his said son.

Many ladies and gentlemen assembled in the Holborn Town-hall last week, to witness the presentation of a complimentary address, a timepiece, and £622, to Sergeant James Henry Barker, in recognition of the gallantry which he showed when struggling with burglars at Woodside Park, Finchley. The testimonial had been subscribed by the public. Sir C. Warren, who presided, referred with deep satisfaction to Sergeant Barker's conduct. Several medals and certificates of the Royal Humane Society were also presented to police-constables.

The twenty-first annual meeting and distribution of prizes in connection with the Corporation for Middle-class Education in the City and Suburbs of London, were held yesterday week at the schools, Cowper-street, City-road, under the presidency of Captain Gassiot. The report showed that amongst the distinctions obtained by pupils of the corporation during the past year were the Fishmongers' exhibition of £50, for four years, won by F. W. Bishop; the Lady Tite scholarship, F. J. B. Meyrick; and the head master's prizes for honours at the matriculation examination, London University, F. W. Bishop and C. W. Sweeting. The prize offered for history by the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry was carried off by J. B. Ruff. Mr. P. Lyttelton Gell, Oxford University, the examiner, presented a favourable report. He had been greatly struck by the accuracy which was manifested in the several examination papers, and this he attributed to the successful care with which the boys were taught mathematics. The English papers were in many instances highly satisfactory, and a great improvement over last year had been shown in French and German, now such important features in commercial education. Dr. Wormell, head master, stated that a number of their old boys had obtained several distinctions during the past year at Cambridge, one having come out seventh wrangler, while two obtained the doctorate of science at London University, and one that of medicine. In addition several other university distinctions had been obtained, both at Cambridge and London. The prizes were distributed by the Rev. William Rogers; and at the same time the head master was made the recipient of a handsome piece of plate, presented also by Mr. Rogers on behalf of the boys, present and past.

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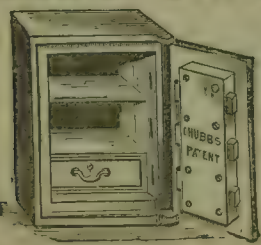


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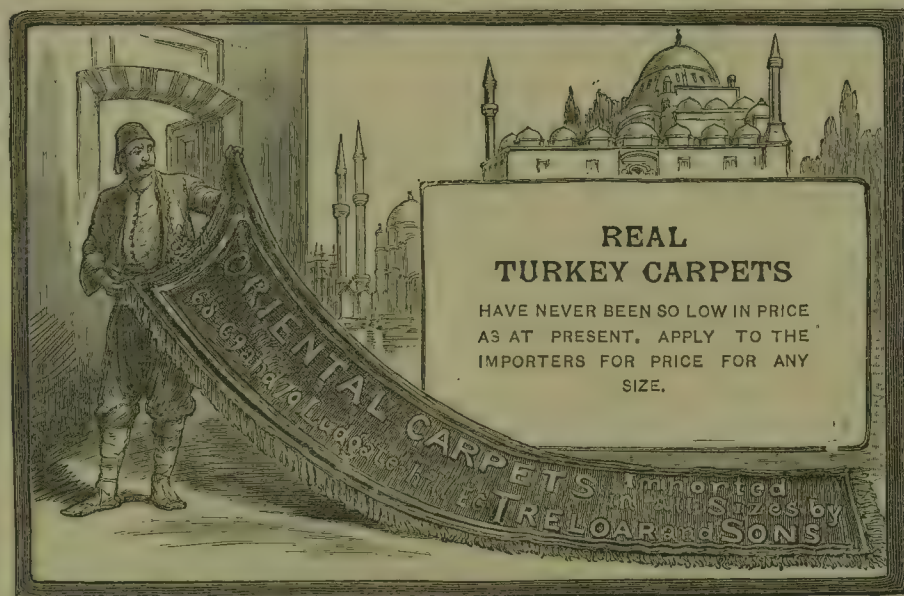


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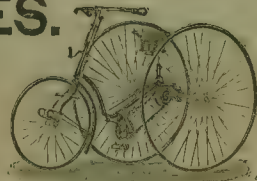


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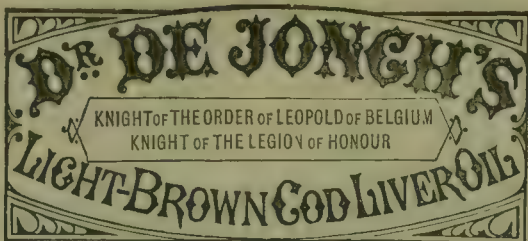
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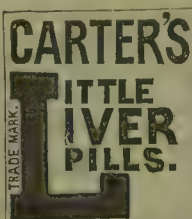
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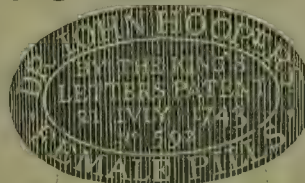
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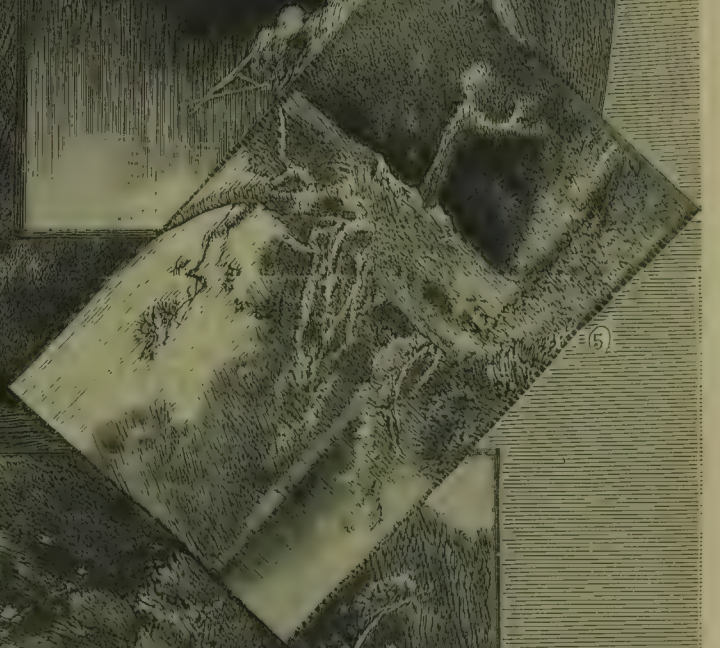
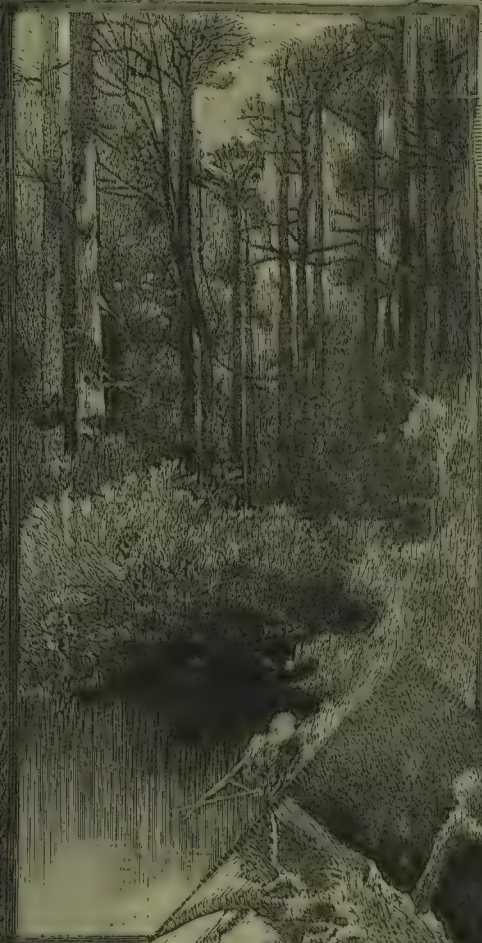
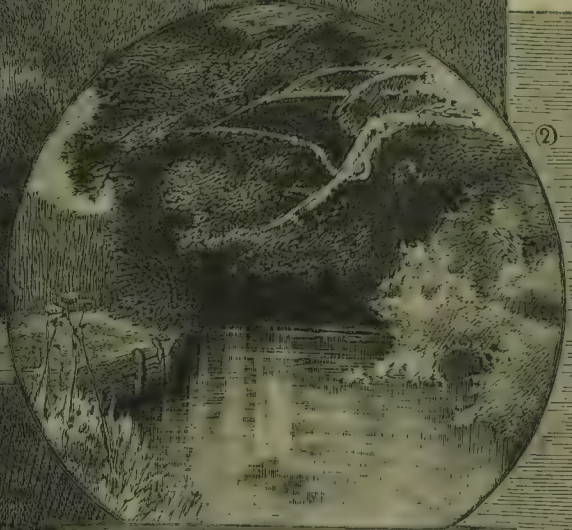
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ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XI. WILTON HOUSE.



1. Front View from Private Gardens.
2. The River at the End of the Park.

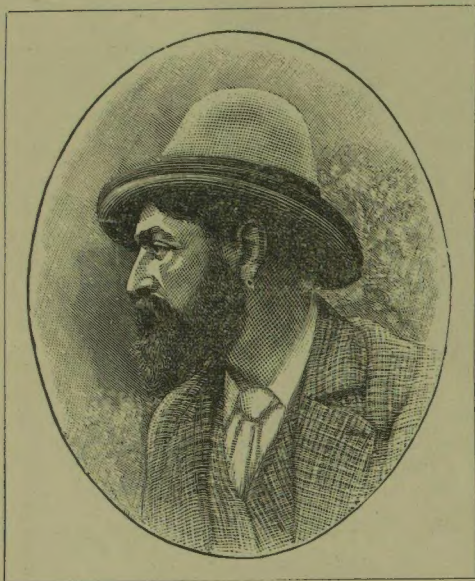
3. The Park near the Wooden Bridge.
4. View of the House from Alley leading to House of Shakespeare.

5. View on the Lake.
6. The Bridge from the Lake.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XI.

Wilton House.



THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

AMONG the histories of old English towns, there is scarcely one more curious or more instructive than that of Wilton, where has stood the chief seat of the great Herbert family, almost since that family began to be. For many centuries, down to the thirteenth, it was among the foremost of the great towns of the kingdom: since the year 1244—say for a clear six hundred years—nothing whatever has happened there. It is as if a charm had stopped its life, as in the Sleeping Palace of Tennyson. Even Dunwich, the great Suffolk town whose dozen churches were stolen by the sea, hardly lives more wholly in the past than the Wilton of to-day.

The present Wilton, indeed, is the great house, and little besides. Two narrow streets cross each other at their dullest point; there is a curious open space in front of the Townhall, where the aged borough cross still stands by the green ruins of the parish church; there is the oddest of squares, cut into two tree-dotted triangles of grass by a diagonal road, and surrounded by quaint, greyish, damp-looking old houses—the whole near akin to the little wooden-toy villages of our childhood; and this is the town.

The old Wilton was the capital of the great kingdom of Wessex, and gave its name to Wiltshire. The Romans called it *Vilodunum*, and it is thought to have been the British *Caer Guilou*, or chief seat of the Prince *Carvilius*. Till just before the Conquest there were Bishops of Wilton; and a mint, though its coins are very rare.

Here were twelve churches, says Leland, as late as the days of Henry III. Here was fought, more than a thousand years ago, a great historical battle—very likely of as high importance in the history of England as Waterloo: it was the climax of the struggle between Egbert, King of Wessex, and the powerful Beornwulf, King of Mercia, for the supremacy of all England south of the Humber; and Egbert, though with the smaller army, attacked and routed the mighty Mercians. But for this victory, Beornwulf might well have carried out his purpose of crushing Wessex: as its consequence, Egbert ultimately rose to supreme rule in England, and the days of the Heptarchy were numbered.

And here, half a century later—in 871—Alfred the Great fought a terrible battle with the Danes; in which, Rupert-like, having driven them back, he pursued so hastily that they rallied and in the end defeated him. He was only twenty-two at the time, so one can excuse his impetuosity; the more as the defeat cannot have been a very decisive one, for the Danes shortly after sued for peace.

The history of Wilton is, as I have said, instructive; and the story of its fall must be held as a feather in the cap of the political economist. Fire and the sword, and devastating pestilence, all worked their will upon the great town, and it rose again seemingly none the worse; but the mere making of a road—or rather the change of the course of the great highway of the west, the Wiltway—destroyed it at once and for ever.

For though Swein, King of Denmark, in the year 1003, burnt the town—with many another—to avenge Etheldred's cruel massacre of the Danes two years before: and though when King Stephen was defeated here by the Empress Maud it was again burnt and pillaged: yet it rose each time from its ashes in a way which makes it almost a necessity to refer to the "bird of loudest lay, on the sole Arabian tree," since associated with insurance offices. Nor does it seem that the fearful pestilence of centuries after, in which one third of its inhabitants are said to have died, was at all a cause of its decay.

But only give the west-country farmers and carters a shorter way to their great markets, and down falls the town like a house of cards. In 1244 the Wiltway was diverted from its old course through Wilton and Old Sarum, and passed through New Sarum instead; and Salisbury arose and flourished, while the famous Roman station and Saxon town of Old Sarum, whence six main roads spread out, became a houseless waste, fit only to return members to Parliament: and Wilton, once the capital of Wessex, dwindled to the little town we know. "Licence was get of the King," says Leland, "by a Bishop of Saresbyri, to turn the Kingges

highway to New Saresbyri, and to make a mayn bridge of right passage over Avon at Harnham. The chaunging of this way was the totale cause of the ruine of Old Saresbyri and Wiltoun." Some of the oldsters, one can imagine, still held to the old road, which had been good enough for their fathers; but year by year they would grow fewer, the traffic drop away, the inns fall into a greater decay, as the grass grew over the silent and solitary road. And now, we may suppose, the new road is falling into a like decay, as the railway takes its place!

For a while, indeed, in the last century, Wilton became noted for its carpet manufactories. The Earl of Pembroke brought from France Anthony Duffosy, by whom the first carpet ever manufactured in England was made in this town. But the trade declined again; and the place may now almost be called a suburb of Salisbury. The train brings you hither from the cathedral city in five minutes, and you descend into a country road, among low-lying fields, across which there is a glimpse of the splendid new church, the glory of Wilton, given to the town by Sidney Herbert, some forty years ago.

If you are bound for the great house, you keep along the road to the left, and pass down the tiny street which constitutes the village of Fugglestone St. Peter—for even Wilton has its dependencies; and that famous town lies to your right, while Fugglestone St. Peter is just ahead of you. You go by a long white building (where Wilton and Axminster carpets are still made), and half-a-dozen old, old cottages, and St. Giles's Hospital, founded, it is said, by Adelicia, Queen of Henry I.—a charity whose ancient pensioners still themselves in the lovely meadow opposite, between the high-road and the river, which is open to the public as a pleasure-ground.

At the park corner four roads meet, and a sign-post directs the traveller to Salisbury, Hinton, Warminster, and Amesbury. For Wilton House we take the right-hand road; and a long and spacious avenue of tall trees, between the grey wall of the park and the low, smooth water-meadows, leads to the main entrance. Two bridges are crossed, one over the pretty Avon, the next over the Willy, tiny and impetuous—for Wilton is a place intersected by rivers; at each turning, almost, you cross a narrow stream, and every meadow is green with the rich grass, and bordered by the water-loving trees, of a river-side.

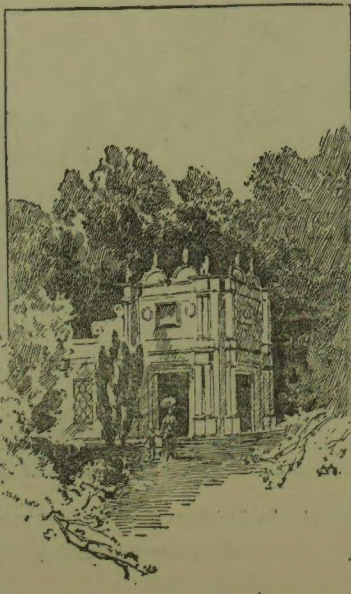
And before the great gateway is a fine triangle of grass, barred with the straight shadows of tall, grey-stemmed trees. There is something imposing in the high stone walls, and the massive pillared entrance, above which Marcus Aurelius sits, in stone, upon his prancing steed; but it is the foreground of tree-trunks and leafage through which these are seen which gives its colour and beauty to the picture.

Within is a great courtyard, quiet and pleasant in the sunshine, silent even after the sleepy streets of Wilton. The walls, of a yellowish grey, are not very high. Evergreens hide them almost to the top; above are seen the tall trees of the park. In the courtyard itself, near to the gateway, are three or four magnificent old trees; and facing them, across an open space of gravel, stands the large, dark-grey house, with its square gate-tower and projecting ivy-covered porch, with the Pembroke arms above. The original porch—when Wilton House first took the place of the abbey which stood here till the Dissolution—was designed by Holbein; but since its day many things have happened, and the house has been remodelled, and in great part rebuilt, many times over.

Upon this site has always stood the great building of the town—first as a palace of West Saxon Kings, then as an abbey, and then (and now) as the home of the Earls of Pembroke. As a palace, it saw the birth of Alburga, Egbert's sister, a great name in the religious history of Wilton. It was at her request that the King, her brother, converted the monastery founded by her late husband, Wulstan, Earl of Wiltshire, into a nunnery for a prioress and twelve nuns. This was about the year 800; half a century later, Ethelwulf, the son and successor of Egbert, executed at Wilton a charter conveying the whole tithes of his kingdom to the clergy.

Twenty years after this came the first great change in Wilton House, or whatever the palace of those days was called. Woman's influence was again at work on behalf of the Church, and King Alfred was persuaded by his Queen, Egwina, to build upon the site of the palace a new abbey. Hither were transferred in due course the sisters of the old nunnery; and to them were added an abbess and twelve nuns more.

Here the abbey stood for centuries, growing and prospering. In the days of



SHAKESPEARE HOUSE IN PRIVATE GARDENS.

Edward the Confessor his Queen, Editha, pulled down its old wooden buildings, and reared in their place a splendid edifice of stone. Some notion of its extent is given by William of Worcester's statement—in a language which Cicero would have emphatically disowned—that the church contained "in longitudine circa 90 steppys meos. Item continet in latitudine navis ecclesie cum duabus elys circa 46 steppys meos."

Long after the town's decay, it remained famous for its abbey and the rulers thereof. At one time there were, as I have said, Bishops of Wilton; but Edward the Confessor reunited the see to that of Sherborne, at the request of Herman, ninth Bishop. Not much of the history of the abbey has been preserved; but Godwin, in his "Lives of the Bishops," tells one story, strange and entirely characteristic of its times. At the end of the thirteenth century a certain Knight, Sir Osborne Gifford, of Fonthill, "stole out of the nunnery of Wilton two fair nuns," and ran off with them; wherefore John Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury, first excommunicated him, and then absolved him on the following conditions:—"1st. That he should never come within any nunnery, or into the company of a nun; 2ndly. That for three Sundays together he should be publicly whipped in the parish church of Wilton, and as many times in the market-place and church of Shaftesbury; 3rdly. That he should fast a certain number of months; 4thly. That he should not wear a shirt for three years; and, lastly, That he should not any more take upon him the habit and title of a knight, but should wear apparel of a russet colour until he had spent three years in the Holy Land." What was the fate of the nuns I do not know.

When Henry the Eighth dissolved the Abbey of Wilton, he granted the land and buildings to Sir William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, the first of this line. There had been, however, a William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, as early as the reign of Henry VI.: against whom he fought, in the War of the Roses—and was taken prisoner at the battle of Edgecote and beheaded the day after. His son, another William, exchanged the earldom of Pembroke for that of Huntingdon—to oblige Edward IV., who wished to give his son Edward the former title.

The "first Earl," as he is usually called—the William Herbert of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., the friend of Shakespeare—greatly altered his dwelling-place of Wilton. Before



ENTRANCE GATE.

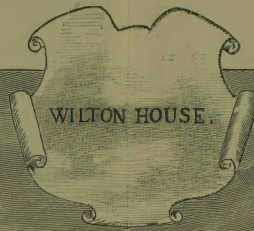
long, indeed, he had most of it pulled down and rebuilt, though for many years it retained some features of the old religious building. In the time of Charles I.—who loved Wilton, and often lived here—it was much altered and enlarged, three times over, by Solomon De Caus, Inigo Jones, and Webb—the last of whom seems to have "taken over" the business, when Inigo Jones became too old to attend to it, for the very excellent reason that he had married Jones's niece. There was a great fire here in 1648, in which the garden front was burnt down; but after this damage had been repaired—by Webb—the house seems to have been little altered till the beginning of the present century. Then James Wyatt—the universal provider of architecture of his period—was let loose upon Wilton, and made it as Gothic as he could. The elaborately-picturesque was Wyatt's forte; and it is, perhaps, as well that a more sober taste has since to some extent modified his work. He added one feature at least of unquestionable advantage—a glazed cloister round an inner court.

The house, as it now stands, is a great square building of grey stone, with a small quadrangle in its centre. Its architecture is of what one may call the impartial order, with no undue preference for any special style. The entrance and its courtyard are on the north side, but the eastern front is the finest; this overlooks a lovely stretch of lawn, broken with flower-beds, crimson, purple, and gold, and sheltered by leafy, spreading trees, behind which taller trees stand, straight and stately. Two great wings flank a square tower in the midst, and above this rises the clock-tower, the oldest part of the house; to right and left of the door stand out sculptured coats-of-arms, and the entire front is filled with smallish windows.

The southern front, which overlooks the little Nadder river and the fine sweep of rising ground across it, is extremely plain. There are two high ends, a great middle window, and a parapet above, and but very little ornament or relief. The west, or library, side, too, although not quite so plain, is very simple; but a fine terrace runs along this low, white, parapeted front, mainly made up of lofty windows. Just to the right of the terrace is a long and handsome greenhouse; and past this one comes, through the stables—among which, as everywhere at Wilton, tall trees stand here and there—back to the entrance, with its high triumphal arch. This, by-the-way, once stood—with no very obvious *raison d'être*—on a hill in the park. It now makes a rather striking entrance to the house; and is flanked to right and left with the porter's rooms and steward's offices.

Entering the hall, the great characteristic of Wilton strikes one at once—the quantity of treasures of art that it

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XI.



THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

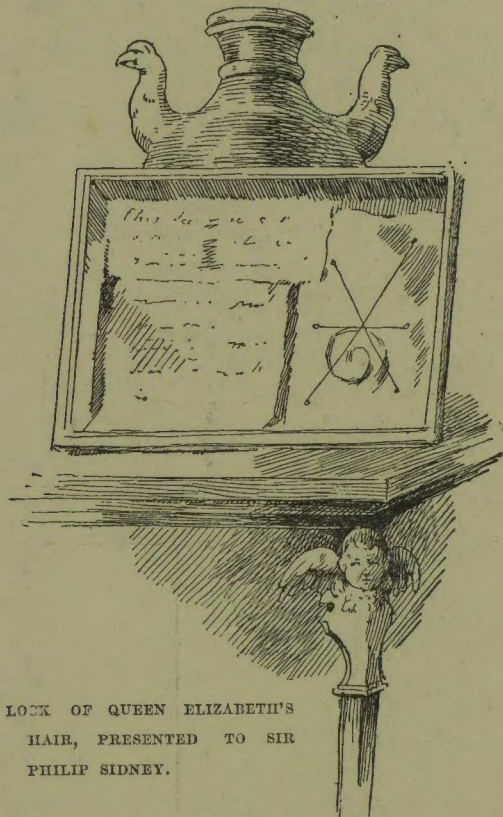
contains. The Vandykes are, of course, the most famous of its possessions; but it is the statues—collected by that eighth Earl, of whom Pope said

For Pembroke, statues, dirty gods, and coins—that one first sees. Indeed, the English eye is so unused to statuary for its own sake that the wealth of marble as one enters almost gives the idea of a museum, rather than of a private house lavishly and beautifully adorned with sculpture. Here, in the hall, are a very beautiful Faustina, a fine Apollo, and a Jupiter; and in the corridor, among a good deal that is of no great value, are many works of real beauty, and, perhaps, even more of singular interest as examples of bygone forms of art. Space will not allow of the mention even of the gems of this collection—which dates, by-the-by, from 1678, and was gathered together from the collections of Cardinal Mazarin, of the Valetta Gallery at Naples, and of Giustiniani, and from the famous "Arundel Marbles."

There is one "curiosity" which it would perhaps be unfair to the local sightseer to omit. It is a relieved mosaic—extremely interesting and, it is thought, unique—whose subject he always names at once the Garden of Eden. The learned prefer to call it Hercules in the Garden of the Hesperides; but as there is a serpent twined round the golden apple-tree in its midst, it would really seem very likely that the local sightseer is in the right, and the expert—as usual—wrong.

All round the entrance-hall hang men in armour—great trophies of a good fight fought by the first owner of the house: the victory of St. Quintin, which was gained in 1557, for the Spaniards over the French, by William, Earl of Pembroke, and his troop of Englishmen. (This, at least, is the English account of the battle.)

The hall leads—through a double arch beneath two coloured windows—into the corridor that surrounds the inner court. This is a cloister of a cool grey-white, with marble busts and statues gleaming pure white along its shady length, and a graceful fan-shaped ceiling, and windows looking down into the little grey quadrangle with its ivied walls. There is a profound quiet here; one thinks of those days, a thousand years ago, when the twelve nuns and their prioress took up their abode on this spot—and reflects that even then (as silence is not a vow in all feminine orders) there was perhaps not such a stillness as clings round one now. By this time even the curious



LOCK OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S
HAIR, PRESENTED TO SIR
PHILIP SIDNEY.

old cannon, with their carved elephants, which could once "the immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit," have probably lost all faculty of speech.

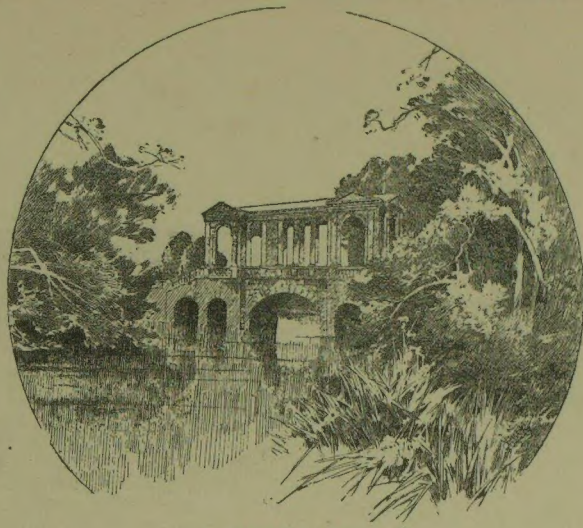
Leaving the corridor and its marble, one wanders through stately rooms looking at the beautiful pictures. Here Vandyke, Raphael, Titian have painted in their richest colours; and every now and then through the windows one sees a masterpiece of a mightier art than theirs. In the corner room, from the eastern window, is a wonderful peep of a landscape purely English, with green trees and gleaming water under the changeful sky, and the grey spire of Salisbury Cathedral standing afar off—artfully led up to (one might almost say) by the line of trees stretching from the great cedar just before us on the left, and by the straight flowing river on the right. Of few cathedrals can there be a prettier distant glimpse than this of the lovely one at Salisbury.

But this corner room is very rich in beauties. Not only is there, from a southern window, another charming view of the park, and the River Nadder with its graceful bridge, and white Ionic colonnade and canopy. Within the room are Titian's noble and tender Magdalen; Holbein's "Father of Sir Thomas More"—a splendid, powerful portrait, recalling somehow the keen face of Mr. Irving's Louis XI.; the striking Prince Rupert, above the chimney-piece, by Honthorst; and many another beautiful picture, had one but the space to speak of them. The very ceiling is painted with "The Conversion of St. Paul," by Giordano.

But of telling of the pictures of Wilton there is no end. The first room one enters in the house, the dining-room, on the ground floor, a rich dark-brown chamber, has dark-brown pictures hanging above its high wooden dado. These are Snyders, solemn with age, despite their subjects; and, as fitting company for them, gigantic Irish moose-horns stand out from the wall. There is something sombre here in everything, even in the deep-set windows topped with old stained glass; only a gilt Henry VIII. straddles cheerily over the chimney-piece.

Some of the paintings in the little ante-room are much older than Snyders': notably one very quaint picture of Richard II. and his patron saints—a large collection, who all wore blue-tipped wings, and had the King's Arms upon their necks. Beside this one feels how essentially modern is the art of Teniers, whose admirable little "Smoker" is in this room. Another curious picture is the "Dead Christ": while a very noteworthy one is the living, laughing Democritus of Spinaletto.

Many another interesting room is there at Wilton, with many and many a noble picture therein; of which I can but note one here and there. In the Colonnade Room—with its



THE BRIDGE IN THE PARK.

pillars of white and gold, and its quaint ceiling decorated with a kind of arabesque, whereof the main feature is monkeys—there is a "Charity" by Guido, which belonged to Charles I., but was sold by him during the War. In this room and the next are two pictures to be envied of the Uffizi Gallery at Florence—portraits of Titian and of Vandyke, by themselves. There is another portrait, too, by Thorburn, interesting from its subject—a pleasant group of Lady Herbert of Lea and her children, the present Earl of Pembroke and the Lady Mary.

In the next room, the large ante-room, there are, besides the pictures, a very ancient fresco of the Temple of Juno—framed picture-wise—and a small marble group of the Rape of the Sabines, in which all the figures are curiously joined together. The Single Cube Room (of the great Double Cube more anon) is bright with white and gold, its ceiling painted, tapestry on the upper part of its walls and pictures below. Here are Lelys, and other paintings of note; some remarkable Saxon vessels of gold, cast up in digging a drain; Napoleon's writing-case; and a lock of Queen Elizabeth's hair given, says the inscription, "with her own faire hands," to Sir Philip Sidney. In the little ante-library is an interesting model of old Wilton church, whose ruins still stand in the middle of the town, and whose successor is the splendid building given by Sidney Herbert; and then one comes to the library itself—a long, fine room, with cool, somewhat faded colours. The effect is very delicate and pleasant; all is old, gentle, refined, as it were—the woodwork of a soft light brown, with the pale-green wall above it, and brown ceiling; a red screen, from which the sun has long taken the heat of its colour, harmonises well with the rest.

Here over the fireplace is a portrait, said to be Holbein's, of the first Earl, with his faithful dog, which pined away at its master's death; and on an easel is the last of his successors, the present Earl, painted by Clifford—who has not given to the handsome face quite that merry look one would expect in the visitor to the South Sea. Here, too, Reynolds has painted the tenth Earl, his wife, and his successor; and these large, low, oblong pictures are more elaborate, more of "subject-pictures," not so exclusively portraits as most of Reynolds's; and certainly they are none the less interesting. Gibson's "Dying Fawn" is in this room; and a picture of Pope's keen face; and a treasure of another kind—a great volume, Sidney's "Arcadia," partly written in this very house.

Last of the rooms of Wilton House let me mention the greatest. The Double Cube is a grand and lofty room, its decorations of the prevailing colours at Wilton—pure white and gold—its fine ceiling painted by Tomasa, a scholar of Caracci. Magnificent busts are ranged round it, and from the window is a splendid outlook over the oldest cedars in England—grand, dark, mournful trees, some wide-spreading still, some but bare stumps.

But it is not the beauty of the room itself, nor of its view, that gives the Double Cube its chief renown. Here is the one great glory of Wilton—the collection of Vandyke's portraits, most of which the artist painted in this house, which many of them have never left.

Almost every great house seems to have a special association with some one period or type. Hatfield is entirely Elizabethan; at Longleat one's first thought is of Bishop Ken. Here the memories of Philip Sidney prevent the literal mind from dwelling solely on Vandyke and his time—and yet, somehow, Sidney, with his frank chivalry and his early doom, seems one with those courtly Cavaliers whom Vandyke drew, with the sadness of a doomed cause upon them. And thus the presiding genius at Wilton is ever Vandyke's; the more, perhaps, as Charles I. so much made the house his own.

Yet it is neither his portrait, nobly painted here, nor the charming picture of his children, nor that most famous Mrs. Killigrew—as perfect a picture as Vandyke ever painted, since the early days before he came to money-making England—that gives the house its abiding interest. It is the faces looking down on us of that great English family, here painted in their own home: and, most of all, the grand picture on the western wall of Philip of Pembroke, his wife, and their six children, with the Earl of Carnarvon, the husband of one of these, and Lady Mary of Buckingham, the betrothed of another, and, in the clouds above, the pretty faces of three little ones, who died young. This is merely a dozen portraits in one frame, with hardly an attempt at grouping; but in colour, dignity, expression, it is a noble picture.

Looking upon it here, where it was painted and still hangs, one realises what it is to stand in the home of that great Pembroke family, of which it was said that "all the men were brave, and all the women chaste"—of which the noblest names are woven with English history, from the William Herbert we have seen fighting at St. Quintin to the Sidney Herbert who, but for his too early death, might well have been Prime Minister of England in the generation just passing away; the family to which belonged that mistress of Wilton on whom was written the most famous epitaph in our language, Ben Jonson's noble lines:—

Underneath this marble herse
Lies the subject of all verse—
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death! ere thou hast slain another
Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee!

It is strangely interesting—with a deeper interest than that of palaces or picture-galleries—to wander through the rooms where, for five hundred years, such a family has lived, and still lives; where its children have grown up and passed away, though we see their faces upon its walls, and their names are added to its fame. These walls of Wilton must have heard (if there be truth in the adage of their ears) high discourse and noble thoughts when those great gentlemen, with melancholy eyes, looked from the canvas upon their originals. There is a

tendency of little minds to think that great men of the past, could we but overhear their talk, would be found to speak and think much as do we ourselves to-day. And that their talk was very like to that of the great men of now-a-days there is no need to doubt; but if the little man imagine that the table-talk of Shakspeare, Bacon, or Philip Sidney greatly resembled his own—that little man is sore mistaken!

If we picture Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother, sitting here at her embroidery, are we to think that from her lips came only scandal and silliness? We know how Sidney died, far away on the field of Zutphen: may we not guess a little how he lived, at his quiet work in his sister's home at Wilton? "Whatsoever things are lovely" we may think of him; and we shall not be far wrong.

Here he thought, and here to this day are his thoughts, as he left them written. At Wilton, as I have said, he partly wrote his "Arcadia"; and it is believed that much of his description of the pleasant land of Arcady was painted from these lawns and quiet groves. We read his cadenced Elizabethan prose in the great volume in the library here; and can presently step from the window on to the terrace which overlooks the scene he has pictured. In that fair country, he tells us, "There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble vallies, whose base estate seemed comforted with refreshing of silver rivers; meadows, enameld with all sortes of ey-pleasing floures; thickets, which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too, by the cherefull disposition of many well-tuned birds; ech pasture stored with shepe feeding with sober securitie, while the pretie lumbes, with bleating oratorie, craued the dams comfort; here a shepherd's boy, piping as though he should neuer be old; there a young shepherdesse, knitting, and withall singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to worke, and her hands kept time to her voice's musicke."

It is a pleasant terrace which overlooks this scene, or the fancied originals of some parts of it. Just underneath is a garden of triangular beds, beside which stands—as it stood in Sidney's day—a mighty ilex. Straight from the terrace leads a pretty walk, between trees of infinite shades of delicate green; to its right is the great green-house; and to the left the gardens slope gently to the little river.

At the end of the shady walk is a little building which has been christened by Wilton—greedy of great names!—Shakspeare's House. For there is a story, in no way improbable, that once upon a time Shakspeare and his actors "gave a play" at Wilton House—before what a company one may imagine!

In memory of this a little temple has been built: classic as to its pillars, feudal as to the devices of arms above, with portrait-busts, and an inscription on the wall from the wonderful lines in "Macbeth"—

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more.

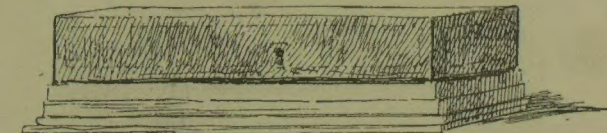
Another great dramatist, by-the-way, was connected, much more nearly than Shakspeare, with Wilton House. Massinger's father was for many years in the service of the Earl of Pembroke, and he himself was very probably born in the house. Let us be sure, however, that his Sir Giles Overreach was not drawn from any of the Herberts.

Close to Shakspeare's House passes one of the three little rivers which run through the park—not, as it might appropriately have been, the Avon, but the less romantic Nadder. An Avon is, however, the chief of the three streams, the other two being its tributaries; it is, of course, not Shakspeare's river, but a pleasant stream—the Upper Avon, it is called—which comes through the downs of South Wiltshire, and goes past Salisbury into Hampshire.

The Nadder, anciently the Noddre, runs nearest of the three rivers to the great house; it passes southward of the lawn, under its white Ionic bridge, and gives the gardens half their beauty. From the third river, the Wily, has been derived the name of Wilton (Wily town); it was called of old the Gwillow, "a stream flowing from a forest." And as it rises where once Selwood stood, and passes the old forest of Grovely in its course, there seems no reason why its forest-birth should not have given the little stream its name. Yet some there are who would trace the word Gwillow to "Guial," a willow-tree.

The Nadder and the Wily join below the park, which spreads to east and south of the town over some two-hundred-and-fifty acres. Having explored these, or such portion of them as seems fitting, one returns to the little town in its slumber, realising more vividly than before how it is only the one great family which has kept Wilton from an extinction perhaps almost as complete as that of Great Sarum. It was a Herbert, as I have said, who introduced the manufacture of carpets; and, however this has declined, a carpet-factory is still the only one in the place. It is true that the borough sent two members to Parliament (while Birmingham sent none) till 1832; but our fathers were wonderful people in that matter of representation. There were twenty-four voters at Wilton; and by a curious custom the election of any person to be a Burgess of Wilton "who had not taken the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, according to the rites of the Church of England, within one year before such election," was void.

In these days the walls of a town speak of its doings, and, judged by these records, time moves very slowly in Wilton. Here are still undefaced on many a wall manifestoes issued during the election of 1835—sound "Conservative" warnings, it need not be said. And, if a people may be judged by its amusements, then is Wilton a sadder place than when Shakspeare and the players were here; for the sole diversion of any kind that one sees announced by bill or placard is a Meat Tea. The times have changed, indeed, in the capital of



BOX FOUND IN THE CARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON I. AFTER THE
BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Wessex; "old-fashioned," as one calls these slow Wiltshire peasants, with their broad dialect, their forefathers were probably brighter and brisker men a thousand years ago.

Yet within the last half century Wilton House has given to the place at least one revival of its ancient glories—a magnificent church. Across the town, raised on a terrace looking eastwards to the road, it was built, in 1844, by Sidney Herbert, and is without a rival in the richness, the profuse beauty of its ornamentation. It is Italian in style, with a lofty bell-tower standing apart from it, though connected with it by a cloister. The eastern steps, a hundred feet wide, lead to three round porches, with twisted columns resting on lions of stone; and within are windows of the richest colouring, lighting up the marble columns, the pillars and pilasters of mosaic, the arches of alabaster, the walls and ceilings painted after the ancient fashion; and the monuments of the Pembrokes, removed hither from their resting-place in the older parish church.

EDWARD ROSE.



Side View from the Private Gardens.

Meeting of River and Lake.